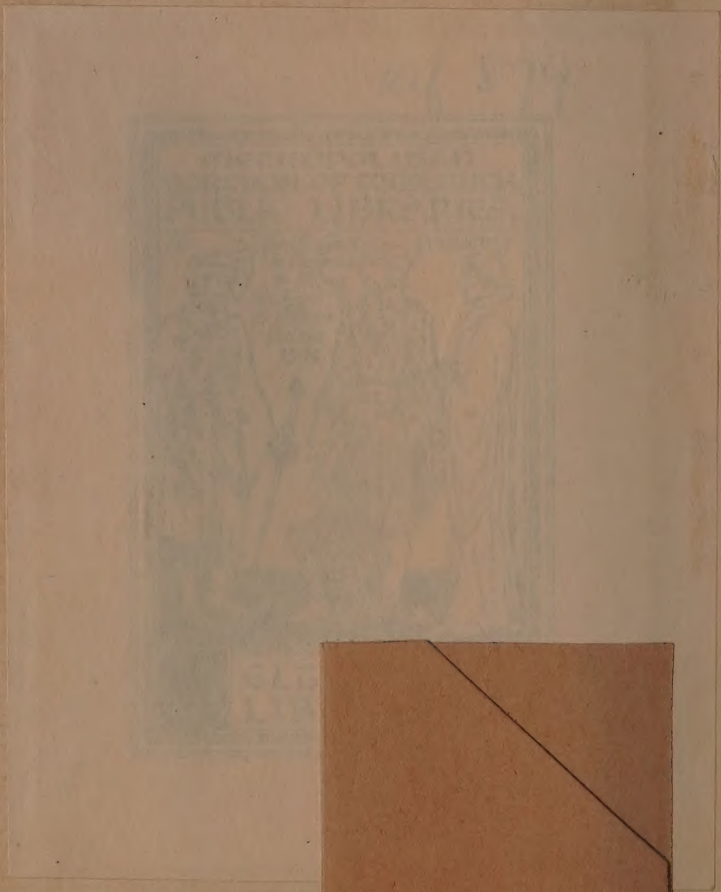

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The Love Poems of Joannes Secundus

The Love Poems of Joannes Secundus

A Revised Latin Text and an English Verse Translation, together with an Introductory Essay on the Latin Poetry of the Renaissance, by

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INTRODUCTION

THE LATIN POETRY OF THE RENAISSANCE

THE history of Latin poetry offers us on two occasions a curious example of arrested development, of art triumphant over nature, of instinctive tendencies crushed in favour of alien modes. The first instance comes at the very beginning of Roman literature, when Ennius brought in the hexameter from Greece and started the long and laborious process of forcing the Latin language to conform to a foreign rhythm. The dactyl took the place of the trochee, quantity took the place of accent, and of all the original features of verse only alliteration remained. How difficult was the task of Ennius and how recalcitrant his material, may be seen by comparing any ten lines from his *Annals* with any ten lines from the songs of his contemporary Plautus. It is commonly said that Ennius was the father of Latin poetry, the first in time and the first in genius among the early writers of Rome; but as regards actual achievement, Plautus, who was slightly his senior, is far his superior. Unfortunately Plautus did what was natural and easy, and he had no successors. Ennius did what was unnatural and hard, and he set a fashion from which poetry did not recover until twelve centuries had passed.

Throughout the Republican period and the first three centuries of the Empire, Greek metres reigned supreme. Gradually they became acclimatised in Italy, and—in the hands of Virgil, Horace and Ovid—the Greek epic, the Greek lyric and the Greek elegy

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took on a new and a Latin shape. Even Ambrose in the fourth century A.D., when he brought poetry into the service of the church, could not break away from the established custom, and his iambics strictly obey the laws of quantity and scansion. After the time of Ambrose the trochaic rhythm natural to the Latin tongue begins to appear again in literature in such hymns as the " Pange lingua gloriosi " of Fortunatus ; but from the end of the fourth until the end of the ninth century the general tendency of poetry, as we see it in the verse of Paulinus, Prudentius, Theodulf and Walafrid Strabo, was to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of the great writers of the Augustan age. Not till the beginning of the tenth century did the change come ; and then it was due to the sister art of music. Notker's invention of the Sequence, in which the syllables of words corresponded to the notes of the melody in the Alleluia-Jubilus, revived the lyrical impulse which had slumbered for so many years. Rhyme and accent superseded quantity and scansion, and a new life for poetry began.

During the eleventh and twelfth centuries in Germany, Italy, and France the rules and practice of this rhyming verse were developed and extended by such great poets as Peter Damiani, Peter Abelard, and Adam of S. Victor. Originally designed for use in the liturgy of the church, its characteristic forms were borrowed by the wandering scholars who drifted across Europe from university to university, and by them were put to a very different purpose—to sing the charms of women and wine. So it was that side by side were produced the wonderful hymns " Stabat mater dolorosa " and " Dies irae, dies illa Solvet saeclum in favilla," and the equally wonderful drinking songs

"Meum est propositum in taberna mori" and "In taberna quando sumus Non curamus quid sit humus." But, as happened before in the case of Plautus, this spring-tide of song was of brief duration. Petrarch and the Italian scholars of the early Renaissance played again the same part that Ennius and his fellow Hellenists had played in early Rome. It was decreed that accentual rhyming verse must be abandoned as a barbarous innovation, and a return made straightway to the classical models. This writ ran all over literary Europe; and so we come to the poems produced in the three centuries between Petrarch and Milton, these two being taken as marking the beginning and the end of this, the final stage of Latin poetry; although, even in the eighteenth century, a few stragglers like Christian Klotz and Don Juan de Yriarte, were still publishing original Latin verse.

In Petrarch's day Latin was a universal language, and we may wonder what further masterpieces of religious and secular poetry might have come to birth if rhyming verse had been allowed to flourish. But it was not to be: in this, as in other departments of Renaissance life, a laborious imitation of the past was preferred to the rougher essays of original genius. In the sphere of religious poetry most of the Sequences were removed from the Breviary, and the remainder cruelly mutilated by a commission of Jesuits appointed by Urban VIII in 1630. As regards the love poems and the drinking songs, the manuscripts were as far as possible destroyed, and they were never allowed to find their way to the printing-press. In their place we have an immense mass of imitative verse, such as that which fills the seven volumes in four thousand closely-printed pages of *Carmina Illustrium Poetarum*

Italorum (Florence 1719). Another Italian anthology of staggering extent is to be found in the two volumes of Gruter's *Deliciae Poetarum Italorum*, published in 1608, each volume containing nearly fifteen hundred pages. This collection in itself is larger than the whole Corpus of Roman poets, but it forms only a small fraction of the productions of the Heidelberg librarian. Three further volumes he devoted to France, four to the Netherlands, and six to Germany, one volume of this last series running to over seventeen hundred pages. And when the English student has finished Gruter, he still has to consider the Latin verse of his own countrymen, More, Buchanan, Owen, Cowley, Milton and many others. To deal with this host of poets one by one would be a herculean task; but it may be possible here to give a brief account of the chief among them, dividing them into three groups according to the countries to which they belong.

I

Italy was the birthplace of the Renaissance; with Italian poets we must begin, and among them, first of all, with Petrarch. When we think of Petrarch now, we think of him as Laura's lover, as the author of the *Canzoniere*, and as one of the founders of modern Italian literature. But this was not the point of view taken by Petrarch himself nor by his contemporaries. In his own day Petrarch was better known as a hater than as a lover: the "Canzone" he regarded as trifles flung off in a scholar's hours of relaxation: as for Italian, he did his utmost to prevent it ever becoming the literary language of his native land. It

is true that Dante had finally chosen Italian as the medium for the greatest poem written since the Aeneid ; but Petrarch had no truer appreciation of Dante than Cicero had of Lucretius. To Petrarch his fellow-townsman was " a man very gifted in composing in the vulgar tongue, but in his habits and speech more independent than was agreeable to delicate ears." That the *Divina Commedia* should ever rank above the *Africa* probably seemed inconceivable. On his Latin poems Petrarch staked his hopes of poetical immortality ; on the twelve eclogues that make up the *Carmen Bucolicum*, on the seventy-seven letters in verse, *Epistolae Metricae*, and above all on his historical epic *Africa*, about which some words must be said.

The *Africa* might more properly have been called the *Scipiad*, for such interest as it possesses (and it possesses very little) centres in the character of its hero, Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Zama, to whom the far more romantic figure of Hannibal is made to serve as a mere foil. The poem itself is a weak dilution of Livy and Virgil, the subject-matter taken from the first, the treatment of that matter from the second. Scipio is presented as a very inadequate Aeneas, Sophonisba an even more inadequate Dido. And yet until the poem actually appeared, its reputation was prodigious ; it was on the strength of the unfinished *Africa* that Petrarch was solemnly crowned as emperor of poetry on the Capitol at Rome by King Robert of Naples. The line of Propertius on the Aeneid, " Nescio quid maius nascitur Iliade " (" Something greater than the Iliad is coming to birth ") was commonly quoted about the new masterpiece : unfortunately, it turned out that Horace's tag : " The mountains are in labour with a mouse," would have been more appropriate.

If it had never been published all would have been well, and it seems that Petrarch himself felt some qualms as to its real merit; for there is a yawning gap between the fourth and fifth books which he never filled up, and of the twelve books he originally contemplated we now luckily only have nine. Historical epics are notoriously hazardous: they are apt to be too historical for poetry and too poetical for history: moreover, Petrarch's genius was so essentially lyrical that he was quite unfitted for the part of epic poet. Nothing to him seemed quite so interesting as his own existence, and perhaps the most vivid passage in the *Africa* is the prophecy, put into the mouths of Homer and Ennius, of the birth in Italy, sixteen centuries after Zama, of a great bard who should revive the glories of Latin verse.

Petrarch's Latin poetry must be regarded as a splendid failure; and even its splendour is of doubtful quality. But there are Italian poets who, aiming at a less exalted goal, achieved a humble measure of success. There is Balthasar Castiglione, well known to English readers as author of *The Courtier*, whose elegy, *The Shade of Pico della Mirandola*, is a strong and vivid piece of imaginative work. There is the great scholar Julius Cæsar Scaliger, whose Latin verses fill a bulky tome of a thousand pages, but whose best poem is the few simple lines addressed to his tame thrush. There are the three contemporaries, Vida, author of *The Poetics;* Francesco Molza, a sweet but rather insipid singer; and Marcantonio Flaminio, one of the most talented and most attractive characters of his age. There are others, such as Sannazar and Navagero, who at least deserve mention; and finally there is a small class who have won a certain notoriety among amateurs

of the curious, either by reason of the subjects they have chosen for their verse or because of their manner of treatment. The most respectable of them is Fracastoro, author of the "Syphilis," a poem which, in spite of its theme, is quite inoffensive and describes the "French malady" which had just made its first appearance in Europe with scientific precision, the story of the shepherd Syphilus, who incurred the disease by offending the sun-god, being brought in as a poetical ornament. Pontanus is less to be recommended, for though his love poems have been excused, both as a proof of his conjugal affection—at the age of sixty-five he married a young wife—and also as the natural result of his warm Neapolitan temperament, they frequently overstep the bounds of propriety as now established. For Bembo, on the other hand, accomplished scholar as he was and cardinal of the church as he became, no excuse can be made: such pieces as the "Priapus" and the "Faunus," in spite of their cleverness, are flagrantly obscene. But there are lower depths even than his, and they are reached by Beccadelli, author of the vile collection known as *Hermaphroditus:* in one poem Beccadelli boasts that he writes to suit the tastes of the brothel, and it need only be said that he fulfils his purpose.

Earlier in time than any of these men, and far superior to them all in merit, comes Angelo Poliziano, more familiar to us as Politian, one of those poets who belong quite definitely to the second class, but are yet quite definitely worth reading. Politian was born in 1454 at Monte Pulciano, near Florence, where his father, Benedetto Ambrogini, was so ardent a supporter of the Medicean faction that he was murdered by

their enemies. Accordingly, when Lorenzo gained control of Florence, the young Pulcianus was received into his household and became one of the most brilliant stars in the galaxy of talent there gathered. As Marchese says: "The Magnifico called to him from every part of Italy men of genius, as Pericles and Augustus had done before. Poets of every kind, gentle and simple, with golden cithern and with rustic lute, came to animate his suppers. Whoever sang of arms, of love, of saints, of fools, was welcome: and first among them all was Poliziano." Lorenzo is therefore naturally a constant figure in Politian's verses, and his praises are sung both in serious and in sportive fashion. To the first class belongs the lament for Lorenzo's death, an elegy unique in Renaissance poetry, where for once Politian breaks away from all the conventions of classical art, and following Jerome's Latin in free rhythm cries the sincerity of his grief:—

Quis dabit capiti meo
Aquam? Quis oculis meis
Fontem lacrimarum dabit?
Ut nocte fleam
Ut luce fleam.
Sic turtur viduus solet,
Sic cygnus moriens solet,
Sic luscinia conqueri.

O that the waters deep
My head might borrow.
O that my eyes might weep
Fountains of sorrow.
As the swan sings his fate,
As the dove mourns his mate,
As grieves the nightingale,
So would I never fail
But weep the long day through until the morrow.

As an example of the lighter mood we may take the piece in which the poet, having asked Lorenzo for a suit of court dress, pretends to be abashed at its magnificence.

> Lorenzo, chiefest glory of thy time,
> When I essayed to render thanks in rhyme
> The muse whom long I summoned to my aid
> Came and her fingers on my harp strings laid.
> She came ; but when she saw my robes of gold
> She turned away nor knew her bard of old.
> If then I cannot sing thy praise aright
> It is because I am stranded by her flight :
> When she is used to pomp and grown more tame
> I will take my lyre and glorify thy name.

In light verse such as this Politian is very happy, and his epigrams are innumerable. One out of hundreds must suffice :—

> Of what delights in sleep am I possessed !
> Be mine Endymion's eternal rest.
> If sleep is but death's image, life good-bye.
> Death has more joy to offer : let me die.

In elegiacs also he is a master, and perhaps his best known piece is the little poem in which he thanks his mistress for a gift of flowers :—

> O happy flowers, plucked by the rosy hand
> That now has robbed me of my soul's command,
> And kissed by those red lips whereon do lie
> The sharpest darts of all Love's armoury.
> It is from her your fragrance you derive,
> Such charms upon her radiant visage live.
> Look how this bud its milky whiteness shows,
> And how this other with faint crimson glows :
> Such is my lady's hue when tender shame
> Kindles her cheeks and sets her face aflame.

Politian had a long and busy life, and his writings, both in Latin and in Italian, are very numerous. He was an accomplished Greek scholar at seventeen, and before he was twenty he had written the first Italian tragedy, the *Orfeo*, from which ultimately the libretto of Gluck's opera was derived. As a teacher he had a world-wide reputation, and his lectures at Florence were attended by scholars from every European country, among others by the Englishmen Grocyn and Linacre. To this audience he read out the most elaborate and the most valuable of his productions in Latin, the four long hexameter poems known as the *Silvae :* the " Nutricia," a critical history of classical poetry ; the " Rusticus," an introduction to bucolic poetry, which contains a picture of the vintage in Italy almost worthy of a place in the *Georgics ;* the " Manto," a descriptive eulogy of Virgil ; and the " Ambra," a similar panegyric on Homer. None of these four lend themselves to selections, but they are really original poetry, and not to have read them is to have missed something unique in Latin literature.

II

And now we may turn to France and the British Isles—countries which here have a close connection ; for the chief name in this section is George Buchanan, a Scot who passed many years of his life in France and became half a Frenchman. Next to him, and almost his equal in European fame, comes a Welshman, John Owen ; and then there is a wide gap. Three Frenchmen, Theodore Beza, Joachim du Bellay, and Etienne Dolet, bear illustrious names and also wrote a large amount of Latin verse ; but it is from other

sources than this that they derive their glory. Three Englishmen, Lyly, Cowley, and Milton, are in the same case: they are at least fair Latin poets, but what they wrote in Latin is now completely overshadowed by their works in the vernacular. Time brings many changes and Milton now seems to stand alone: yet at the end of the seventeenth century he was comparatively unknown, while Buchanan and Owen were read with admiration all over Europe.

George Buchanan was born in Stirlingshire, 1506, and lived till 1582. At the age of fourteen he was sent by his uncle to study Latin in Paris, and thence after two years' stay proceeded to the University of St Andrews. In 1526 he came back again to Paris, and in his early Latin poems describes with the greatest vigour the hardships and privations of a foreign student's life. A second return to his native land involved him in the political schemes of James V, for whom he wrote the satire *Franciscanus;* and in 1539 he was compelled once more to cross to France, where he eventually settled down as a teacher at Bordeaux, with Montaigne as one of his pupils. These three years were probably the happiest in his stormy life, and during this breathing space he wrote his four Latin verse plays: *Medea*, *Alcestis*, *Baptistes*, and *Jephthes*. In 1544 we find him again in Paris, where he formed one of the brilliant circle of scholars that included Scaliger, Turnebus, and Stephanus. An enforced sojourn in a Portuguese monastery gave him time to write his longest and greatest work, the metrical Latin version of the Psalms, and in 1562 he returned finally to Scotland. For Mary Stuart he wrote two Latin Epithalamia, one on her marriage with the Dauphin, and the second on her marriage with Darnley; but

after his detection of the queen's infidelity he abandoned verse for prose, and his later works do not concern us.

Buchanan seems to have been a thoroughly unpleasant person, ill-tempered, pedantic and abusive; but whatever we may think of him as a man, there can be no doubt that he was a writer of considerable talent. Dr Johnson, who had no great love for Scotsmen, considered Buchanan a very fine poet—"the only man of genius his country ever produced"—and in his own day he was hailed in every European country as a master, his Latin prose seriously compared to that of Livy, his Latin verse to Horace and Virgil. Modern readers leave him severely alone, for his longest and most characteristic poems, the Psalms, the tragedies, and the *Sphere* are little to our taste. This is not to say that they lack merit, or that they will not stand comparison with the minor classics. The two Biblical and the two mythological plays are quite equal to Seneca; the *Sphere*, an elaborate account of the world in five books of hexameter verse, is fully as interesting as Manilius; while the metrical version of the Psalms in the style of Horace—Psalm Eighty-two begins:—

> Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
> Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovae,

is a really wonderful achievement. But all these three suffer from their length and elaboration; and it must be allowed that they are slightly dull. In Buchanan's occasional verse, however, as we have it in the Hendecasyllables, the Iambics, and the Epigrams, there are many pieces brilliantly written which deserve to be better known than they are. As an example we may take the Hendecasyllables, composed while he was still

a faithful subject of Mary Queen of Scots. Mary was sending Elizabeth of England a present of a ring set with a heart-shaped diamond, and for it Buchanan wrote, in Latin, the lines here translated. The ring speaks :—

'Tis not my substance makes me proud,
Which neither steel nor fire can cloud ;
'Tis not the brilliance that you see,
Nor yet my flawless purity ;
'Tis not my artificer's skill
Who took and cut me to his will
And set me thus in talking gold
Bidding a ring my shape enfold.

No ; 'tis because in me you trace
An image of my lady's grace.
Displayed as clear as if your eyes
Could all her inmost thoughts surprise,
Her heart like mine is firm and sure,
Her flawless virtue is as pure ;
No guile has she, her light shines clear,
In all save hardness my compeer.

And in this too I must confess
Heaven has deigned my lot to bless.
I hope to see a warrior queen
Fairer than eyes have ever seen,
A virgin of heroic mind
Such as I hardly thought to find
When once my own great queen I left
And was of her fair face bereft.

Oh ! would that chance would grant to me
A link 'tween these two hearts to be,
Which neither age nor hate shall sever
Nor doubt nor envy's base endeavour.
Such happiness would then be mine
I should all other stones outshine,
As much more dear than all at length
As I surpass all stones in strength.

John Owen, or, in the Latinised form which he himself often uses, Johannes Audoenus, is an even more striking example than Buchanan of the vicissitudes of literary reputation. His first dated epigram is of 1596, on William Cecil, Lord Burleigh: his first volume was published in 1606, followed by three more in the next seven years. The epigrams in these four volumes are divided into ten books, and there is a short appendix of posthumous verse. The first volume, containing the first three books, was dedicated to Lady Neville, daughter of the Earl of Dorset; the second, *Liber Singularis*, which succeeded closely in the next year, was dedicated to Lady Stuart; books five, six and seven, which make up the third volume, were dedicated to Henry, Prince of Wales, and Charles, Duke of York, and were published in 1672; the last three books, dedicated respectively to Sir Edward Noel, Sir William Sidley, and Sir Roger Owen, came out in 1613. The first collected edition of the complete poems bears on its title-page, Amsterdam, 1624, the last was printed at Leipzig in 1824.

The success of Owen's poems was immediate and complete, and in a few years they were known and widely read, not only in England but all over Europe. In their Latin form they were the delight of men of letters and of the cultivated society which existed then in most European capitals, united far more closely than to-day by common standards of taste and mutual knowledge, and they became so completely a classic that they were used as a schoolbook. For instance, when Heyne first began his studies, his schoolmaster possessed only two Latin authors, Fabricius and Owen; and on these two the great German scholar was reared. But the epigrams also gained the ear of a second public

in translations, for the seventeenth century marks the rise in importance of the man in the street, and those who found Latin a stumbling-block were, for the first time, becoming an important section of an author's audience. During the hundred years that followed Owen's death, five different translations of portions of his books appeared in English, one in German, one in Spanish, and three in French, among these latter being the excellent version by Le Brun (Paris, 1710), *Les pensées ingenieuses*, which gives the complete series in French and Latin. A full account of Owen's life and work appears also, with his portrait, in the *Elogii d'huomini letterati* of Lorenzo Crasso, published at Venice in 1666; and there are further notices in Anthony Wood, in Blount, and in Nicéron's *Memoires*. It is probable, indeed, that at the beginning of the eighteenth century most Europeans of literary tastes were fairly well acquainted with Owen: of Shakespeare, born four years later than the Welsh poet, they had only a vague and superficial idea.

Owen was a born epigrammatist, and no one except Martial has left us such a number of perfect specimens of his art. But while Martial is a realist, and excels in the vivid presentation of actual scenes and living characters, Owen is essentially a student, and is occupied chiefly with problems of conduct and morality. Although he was a schoolmaster by trade and a confirmed bachelor, many of his epigrams are concerned with the other sex. With him, as with many of his kind, a cautious timidity seems to have been one reason for his avoidance of marriage, and he remarks:—

> The sage who said he needed naught in life
> Save what he carried on him had no wife.

Another cause appears in a doubt of his own permanent attractiveness :—

> Unless she loves, no wife will faithful be.
> Where there's no love, there is no chastity.

A third, the diversion of spirit brought about by love, which is to scholars so distressing, is embodied in an ingenious comparison :—

> As blind men wander in an unknown land,
> Led by a woman's or a stripling's hand ;
> So lovers in a maze must wander on,
> Led by fair Venus or by Venus' son.

Strongest reason of all is the disbelief in woman's constancy, which inspires two amusing pieces. One runs thus :—

> The scripture tells us in a single day
> Thrice and again the good man goes astray.
> But though I've looked I nowhere find it written
> How oft by weakness is the good wife smitten.

The other is even more plain spoken :—

> " Deuce take your cuckold ! " Jones cried out,
> " The pond's the place for him."
> Thereat his wife, with roguish pout—
> " My dearest, can you swim ? "

Cuckoldry and the horns that were the outward sign of that unenviable state were in Owen's time a commonplace of literature. He adds his contribution in a couplet :—

> Actæon's hounds devoured their master's flesh and bones, we know.
> His horns to-day in London town are very much on show.

But although Owen had this general distrust of women, he was not immune against the charms of individual ladies, and he can turn a compliment with the best. To one damsel who had made him a present of a looking-glass he writes :—

> You sent me a mirror, but in it I trace
> No glimpse of the giver : I see but my face.
> I wish you had given a different kind
> On whose shining surface your lips I might find.

From a mirror again he points the old moral to his fair Caroline :—

> When in the glass your sparkling eyes you see,
> Be not too proud of their soft brilliancy.
> Remember, fair as glass and as glass frail,
> Nor glass nor beauty against time prevail.

Owen's real strength, however, lies not in sentiment but in wit, and of that he gives us innumerable examples. There is the couplet on the spendthrift son at his father's tomb :—

> " Rest, father, rest for ever ! " Peter cries,
> And trembles lest he from the grave should rise.

Another, on the double mania for didactic and complimentary verse, is equally clever :—

> To-day a poet sings not of his lass,
> But much prefers to hymn the humble ass.
> The latest product of the tuneful lyre
> Is called " In praise of Thomas Jones, Esquire."

But in most of Owen's poems a solid basis of practical wisdom lies beneath the grace of their language. For example, there is his advice to the miser :—

> A thousand years will scarce exhaust your store,
> Though you yourself will never see five score.

Protracted pleasures suit not life's brief span,
But still you hoard your gold, unhappy man.
" One day I shall be rich," you may reply.
But why not rather—" One day I shall die " ?

Then comes the turn of the atheist :—

Each cottage has its owner : dost suppose
The mansion of the world no master knows ?

After the atheist comes the envious man, who is dismissed in one scathing couplet :—

As in a graveyard worms on corpses fatten,
So envy loves on living fame to batten.

The graveyard also supplies the scene for one of the few epigrams which are Greek, rather than Roman, in thought, a dialogue before a tomb :—

" What man lies here ? " " No man : an empty frame.
A soulless body must not bear Man's name."

It would be interesting to make a list of the epigrams that deal with death in its various aspects. The catalogue would be a long one, for on this topic Owen is the true precursor of Blair and Young in the next century, and his fancy is inexhaustible in the invention of metaphor and simile. At one time he cries :—

Death steals on life : old age on youth falls fast.
We ask the hour ; and lo, the hour is past.

The thought of life's frailty is ever present with him, and suggests many such a vivid comparison as this :—

Our life is like a spider's web,
Its fabric frail by nature wrought :
But the long toil of web and life,
One moment brings to nought.

He has a subtle variant of the Greek complaint : " The best thing is never to have been born " :—

> You wailed when you were born, and to draw breath
> Gave no delight. Why therefore shrink from death ?

But he finds one comfort that rarely presented itself to the Hellenic mind :—

> Make life a jest and at life's end
> Death has a bitter savour, friend.
> Make life a thing of sober zest
> And death is nothing but a jest.

So much then for Owen's epigrams, and the translations attempted here will have served their purpose if they give even a faint idea of the work of one of the most remarkable and one of the least known of poets. Owen is not free from serious errors in taste. His epigram, for example, explaining why osculatory exercises are so popular with lovers, is open to criticism, both on the score of decency and of Latinity. He is also very unequal, and is often puerile, often pedantic. But from the whole body of his works a competent selector could pick out three or four hundred epigrams which would be perfect specimens of concise wit.

Buchanan and Owen stand out from among the Elizabethan Latinists, as will be evident to anyone who peruses the collection of Latin verse published by Arthur Johnston at Amsterdam in 1637. But many charming poems were written, and one of Lyly's Latin pieces is so characteristic of his age that a version of the concluding lines will not be out of place. Juno, Pallas, and Venus, meeting in heaven, all claim Queen Elizabeth as their particular charge. None will give

way, so that the dispute is finally referred to Jupiter for decision, and the poem ends thus :—

> Great Jove for long sat silent : then he spake :
> " Hard is the judgment that you bid me make.
> You are my wife and sister, you my child,
> And you are triply dear "—fair Venus smiled—
> " But still, forgive me, no one of you three
> Can have the nymph, for she belongs to me.
> Why cry in vain ? Your claims you must resign,
> The judgment stands : Elizabeth is mine."

With Milton and Cowley we reach the last stage of Renaissance Latin, when the battle had been decided and the new literatures had won their definite victory. For Owen, Latin was a living language ; in Cowley's hands it is dead. Milton's Latin elegies and occasional poems, which occupy some sixty pages in his collected works, were part of the sedulous training which he imposed upon himself in preparation for his life's work. They have no very great merit, but they served their purpose ; and the qualities of immaturity and lack of critical judgment natural in youthful poets are perhaps less noticeable in Latin than they would be in English. Cowley, however, is in a different case. He had established himself—for a very short time—as the foremost English poet of his age, when he wrote his long botanical poem in Latin hexameters, " Plantarum Libri Sex." The same perversity that made him such an obstinate champion of the Stuart cause seems to have inspired this belated effort, and although the seventeenth century was tolerant of dullness, the poem in its Latin form was little read. Those who did venture upon it seem to have preferred the translation " by eminent hands," one of them no less a person than Mrs Aphra Behn :—

Cease, O my Muse, the soft delights to sing
Of Flow'ry Gardens in their fragrant Spring ;
And trace the rougher paths of obscure Woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'rgrown with Shrubs.
Where Phœbus, once thy Guide, can dart no Ray,
T' inspire thy Flight, and make the Scene look gay.

III

When we return to the fifteenth century in Germany and the Netherlands, we find the same abundance of Latin versifiers as found in Italy, and the same level of skilful mediocrity. To read through Gruter's collection costs both time and energy, and the student may well be content with a shorter and more modern anthology, Ellinger's *Deutsche Lyriker des Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts* (Berlin, 1893). Not that Ellinger is exciting. The Germans are good craftsmen, but they have very little to say. Invitations to dinner, pictures of gardens, and descriptions of places, such as the series on Nuremberg by Eobanus Hessus, form the staple of their verse. The religious poets, Melanchthon, Jakob Balde and Bergius, have the most substance in them : Fabricius, Melissus and Stigelius represent best the general level. Sebastian Scheffer, author of the *Nine Skins of Women*, is more amusing than the rest, and a version of one of his shorter pieces will give some idea of Germanic humour :—

A youth rebuked a blushing maid
Who looked him in the face.
" Cast down your eyes," he sternly said,
" The ground's their proper place."

" Nay," cried the nymph, " yourself look down ;
You men were made from earth.
Girls must observe, you'll surely own,
The rib whence Eve had birth."

But from the placid monotony of this German plain one peak rises. That a young Dutchman who died before he was twenty-five, who wrote in a foreign language, and was during the few years of his brief manhood engrossed in high affairs of Church and State ; that he, in spite of all the disadvantages of age, country, and profession, should be one of the half-dozen greatest love lyrists in world literature, in grace and dexterity of wit worthy to rank with Meleager, Catullus, Heine, De Musset, and the best of our English poets, may at first sight seem to be a highly contestable statement. And yet few who have read the *Basia* of Joannes Secundus in the original would care to deny its accuracy. It is true that Joannes is comparatively unknown ; but for that there are other reasons than those of actual merit. He lived in the early years of the sixteenth century and still wrote in Latin, so that students of ancient, and students of modern, literature are both apt to pass him by. This, however, does not affect his real excellence. He had as perfect a command of his medium as any artist could desire, and the Latin language in his hands shows us that it is as capable of expressing the sportive fancies of love as it is of recording the grave realities of history and law. The revival of Latin verse on classical models during the Renaissance produced one genius, and one genius alone, Joannes Secundus. And Joannes in himself is a sufficient answer to those who decry the whole movement as artificial and worthless.

Jan Everaerts—to call him for once by his real Dutch name instead of the more familiar Latin form—was born at The Hague, 29th November 1511, one of a family of eighteen children, of whom nine reached manhood. His father, Nicholaus Everaerts, was a

jurist of repute and a zealous supporter of Charles V., by whom he was made President of the States of Holland and Zealand, and finally President of the Council at Mechlin, one of the most important posts in the Netherlands. The imperial favour was extended to the whole family, and five of the six brothers had distinguished careers. Peter became Head of the Premonstratensian Order, Everard President at Mechlin after his father, Gruding an Imperial Councillor and Knight of the Golden Fleece, Marius Chancellor of Zutphen. These two last were, like Joannes, poets as well as men of affairs, and their Latin verses with some of his were published in 1612 at Leyden under the title *Poemata et effigies trium fratrum Belgarum*. Joannes was the youngest of the six, and perhaps took his name Secundus from the fact that he was the second Jan in the family, the first dying in infancy.

On his father's death in 1532, Joannes, who had been studying under the lawyer poet Alciati at Bourges, was given the place of secretary to the Archbishop of Toledo. He there established such a reputation that the Emperor decided he should accompany him, like another Ennius, on his African expedition. Joannes, however, fell ill, and was compelled to return to Holland, where he became secretary to the Bishop of Utrecht. In that capacity he was staying at Tournay in 1536 when his malady returned, and he died of malignant fever, 8th October. He was buried at St Amand, and on his tomb was engraved a Latin inscription, which may be translated thus: "To Joannes Secundus, Jurist of the Hague, illustrious as orator and poet and famous also for his skill as a sculptor; at first private secretary in Spain to Cardinal Joannes Tavera of Toledo, and then in his own

country to Bishop George Egmond of Utrecht. He was summoned by the august Emperor Charles V to perform the same functions at court, but was carried off by untimely death. This monument was erected to him by his sorrowing mother, brothers and sisters. He lived for twenty-four years, ten months and ten days, and died in the year of Our Lord 1536 on October 8th."

Such, in brief, is the history of Joannes' short life, a life not unlike that of Catullus, the Emperor Charles corresponding to Cæsar, Pompey and the other statesmen with whom the Roman poet came in contact, the Spanish cathedral office to the embassy at Bithynia, and Neæra, with some slight differences, to Lesbia. We, however, are concerned chiefly with Joannes' writings; and they are considerably more extensive, both in prose and verse, than often is supposed, filling more than six hundred pages in the annotated edition of Burmann-Bosscha, published in 1821. Of such of them as are not represented in this volume a summary account may be given here, before we proceed to the better known works.

Of his Latin prose writings the most entertaining are the travel diaries of his three journeys to Bourges and Spain. With Joannes, of course, these were sentimental journeys, and his adventures chiefly adventures of the heart. He gives a humorous picture, for example, of the convent at Mons, where the nuns devoted themselves to their religious duties in the morning, but after lunch arrayed themselves gaily, and were quite prepared to entertain the young traveller with dancing and even less innocent diversions. At Valenciennes also he especially notices the beauty of the women, with their dark eyes and black hair, and

relates with gusto how he was fortunate enough to find at his inn a maid who combined in her own person all the various charms he had admired in her fellow-citizens. Nothing more exciting than bad roads and bad weather seems to have happened to Joannes; but he has a lively pen, and his descriptions of Paris, Dijon, Lyons, and the many other places he visited on his way from Flanders to Spain, make his itineraries a valuable record of travel in the sixteenth century.

The letters in prose and the two books of verse epistles addressed to his brothers, his learned sister Isabella, and his friends, suffer from a certain diffuseness; but *Funera*, a collection of obituary poems, contains several pieces of considerable interest. The first is a beautiful eulogy of the poet's father; and this is followed by a series of short epitaphs, which includes one on Erasmus, one on Margaret of Austria, and one on Catharine of Aragon: "My beauty, my chastity, and my royal birth might well have won me favour with my husband the King. But a wanton drove me from the bed that was rightfully mine; and now, as my death alone can please my lord, to my death I go." Then come two long poems on the death of Nicholas Hacquin, Henry the Eighth's envoy to the Emperor, which give a life-like picture of our Tudor king, "the monster whose loves reek with blood;" of Anne Boleyn, "the cheap concubine, without a dowry and without rank," and above all of Sir Thomas More, whose execution is most vividly described.

From the other divisions of Joannes' poems sufficient selections appear in this volume for readers to judge their merits for themselves. In the *Silvae*, miscellaneous verses, the two most important pieces are the "Regia Pecuniae" (The Palace of Money), a descriptive poem

in hexameters, and the "Epithalamium," which is given here. Of the twelve Odes, passing over the formal compliments to the Emperor, and the curious "To God the great and good, disturbed by the tumults of the Anabaptists," we take the lyric epistles to Isabella and Hadrian, the short ode to Love, and the delightful "Dancers," this last Horatian in metre, but in feeling far nearer to Samain's *Pannyre* than to anything Horace ever wrote. Finally, the first of the two books of Epigrams—the second consists mainly of translations from the Greek anthology—supplies a number of pieces which show Joannes to be a dexterous satirist of considerable wit.

These three sections may fairly be called minor verse, and Beza's well-known Latin epigram on Joannes strikes a note of exaggerated praise :—

> Now with great Virgil soaring high
> He strikes the epic lyre,
> And now with Ovid loves to vie
> In elegiac fire.
> His odes the victory have won,
> And Pindar leaves the field,
> While Bilbilis allows her son
> In epigram must yield.
>
> One against four he strives ; and in each race
> Secundus never takes the second place.

Joannes, for all his skill, cannot be put on the same line with Virgil and Pindar ; but when he is at his best he can justly be compared with the lesser Latin classics, and in the elegiac *Amores* he reveals his true powers as a love poet. The first book, *Julia Monobiblos*, is concerned with his first great passion, a passion that came to an untimely end when the placid Julia had the bad taste, or perhaps the good fortune, to choose

another man than her fiery lover for husband. Of the eleven elegies that compose this book eight are given, although the fifth and seventh are somewhat shortened, for Joannes here is slightly inclined to sow from a too full sack. The remaining three, and the appendix of memorial poems written on the first three anniversaries of Julia's marriage, are omitted. In the second book Julia is replaced by Lydia and Venerilla, the pocket-Venus, and the tone of the verse is somewhat lighter, in the style of Ovid rather than Propertius. The third and fourth elegies of this book, for example, are pieces of which neither Ovid nor Tibullus would have been ashamed. The third book is far less interesting than the other two, and is chiefly a collection of verse epistles ; but the little poem, " The Exile's Lament," is well worthy of inclusion.

So we come to the *Basia*, Scriver's " incomparabilis et divinus prorsus liber," addressed to that dark flower of Spain whom her lover calls Neæra. As Peerlkamp says, Joannes here surpasses himself, and in this book he has produced work which sets him on a level with all but the greatest. He certainly owes something to his predecessors, Meleager and Paul the Silentiary, Catullus and Ovid, but he contributes enough from his own store to make him truly original, and in one important respect he completely breaks away from classical tradition. To most of the Greek and Latin poets love is a dangerous malady whose painful symptoms they describe with all a sufferer's relish. Their livers burn ; their inwards are inflamed ; their eyes stream with tears ; their breasts are shaken by sobs : it is all very distressing. Therefore it was that the elegiac metre, originally designed for the mournful expression of grief, became the natural

medium for love poems. Now of all this whining and lamentation we hear nothing in the " Kisses " : they are bright and gay, and Joannes realises that he is a lucky man to find in Neæra a charming mistress. Propertius cries out : " O woe is me ! I am in love " : Joannes more sensibly sings :—

> If there be any god more glorious,
> That god Neæra is to me.

The " Epithalamium " should be read last, for in the rich banquet of Joannes' verse it is the final delicacy, the most glowing picture that can be imagined of the legitimate joys of conjugal love. To choose such a subject as the bridal night is already a sufficient proof of boldness, and there is the further consideration that Catullus long before had written on this theme the most melodious lyric in classical Latin. But Joannes emerges triumphantly from both dangers. In spite of the extreme delicacy of his subject, his most detailed descriptions are not offensive, and the beauty of his verse is so great that Catullus himself would acknowledge in him a worthy rival. In one respect, indeed, Joannes avoids rivalry : he has the good sense to adopt a different metre, and instead of the traditional glyconics that Catullus uses, he writes in hendeca-syllabics, producing what is probably the longest poem in that tricksy metre which we possess. The other convention, however, proper to the marriage song, that of the refrain, Joannes employs with delightful effect. In the first half of the poem there recurs five times the line :—

> O felix juvenis, puella felix.
>
> The bride within his arms is laid.
> O lucky youth, O lucky maid !

In the second half this changes to :—

> O noctem ter et amplius beatam.
>
> O rapture sweet, O soft delight,
> O happy, happy, happy night !

which again is repeated five times, while the original refrain, " O felix," brings the piece exultantly to an end.

It may be that some readers will find the " Basia " and the " Epithalamium " too pagan for their taste. Joannes certainly is voluptuous ; but on the other hand he is never vicious ; and there are worse things in this world than healthy desire. His conception of love is of an earthly rather than of an ethereal nature, and he does not attempt to follow Dante and Petrarch in their mystical raptures. But although his feelings are based ultimately on the physical contact of two bodies, they are in themselves perfectly sane. The language also, in which he expresses those feelings, very seldom passes beyond the bounds of strict propriety, and, as he says himself in one of his most outspoken pieces, any voluptuary who comes to his poems expecting to have his jaded senses pricked will be disappointed. He writes for lovers, not for libertines.

In Joannes there is no doubt we have a very remarkable poet. He is almost forgotten to-day, but his influence on our literature in the seventeenth century was very great. Most of the minor Carolines and most of the Restoration poets, Suckling, Sedley, Carew, and the rest, are in his debt and perhaps it is from him, rather than from any classical Latin writer, that they derive the peculiar blend of raillery and passion which is the distinguishing mark of their verse. Moreover, there is another English poet, one far greater than any

of these men, who in the days when he was living in Italy, and surrendering for a brief space to the joys of life, must often have read Joannes with sympathetic delight. The stern Milton of *Paradise Regained*, the old man lonely and blind, who still would eat a few olives at supper to remind him of his Italian pilgrimage, may seem a very different figure from Neæra's passionate lover; but Milton in his grave youth felt for a time at least the charm of loving dalliance and, although he put it from him, he could write :—

> Were it not better done as others use
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?

To whom more probably than to Joannes do these lines refer ? And of whom more probably than of Joannes was the great Puritan thinking, when he said that, as compared with rhetoric, poetry is simple, sensuous and passionate ?

IV

In these pages an attempt has been made not only to estimate the work of Joannes, but also to give an account of one of the most curious movements in literature, a movement in which Joannes was the brightest star. The leaders of the Renaissance failed, perhaps, to estimate at their true value the services rendered by Christianity and by the Catholic Church to Europe through the long period from the fourth to the fourteenth century. But on the other hand they had a just perception of the importance of the other great unifying force which kept the old world together for so many years. They fully realised the

influence of Latin as a universal language, and they did their utmost to maintain its unique position in the face of the national vernaculars which were steadily forcing their way in. They wished to breathe fresh life into a moribund language, and they decided to do so by first destroying everything that still showed some signs of vigour. In this they were only too successful ; but their primary object proved unattainable, and most of the original work that they produced has now for many years been left to languish unread. And yet it would be wrong to say that their labours were wasted. Perhaps the chief service that the Greek and Roman classics have to render to the modern world is the setting of a standard of literary value. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when modern literature was beginning to take shape, it was a thing of no small importance that a large body of cultivated opinion should still regard perfection of form as the first essential of poetry. The practice of Latin verse on classical models may not have given us anything of the highest excellence, but one significant fact should not be forgotten. There are only two modern poets who can for a moment be compared with Homer and Virgil, and both those poets, before they essayed composition in their own language, had a long and sedulous training in Latin. Dante actually began the *Divine Comedy* in that language, and we may well consider that Milton's Latin elegies were the necessary prelude to the perfection of *Paradise Lost*.

BASIA
THE KISSES

BASIVM I

Cum Venus Ascanium super alta Cythera tulisset,
  Sopitum teneris imposuit violis
Albarum nimbos circumfuditque rosarum
  Et totum liquido sparsit odore locum.
Mox veteres animo revocavit Adonidis ignes,
  Notus et inrepsit ima per ossa calor.
O quotiens voluit circumdare colla nepotis !
  O quotiens dixit : " Talis Adonis erat ! "
Sed placidam pueri metuens turbare quietem,
  Fixit vicinis basia mille rosis.
Ecce calent illae, cupidaeque per ora Dionis
  Aura susurranti flamine lenta subit.
Quotque rosas tetigit, tot basia nata repente
  Gaudia reddebant multiplicata deae.

THE FIRST KISS

How kisses came to earth

When upon Cythera's summit young Ascanius lay asleep
Venus flung her violets on him buried in a slumber deep,
And with clouds of snow-white roses compassed all the place around
That the fragrance of their blossoms might that eve perfume the ground.
Long she gazed ; and gazing on him to her heart a wanton flame
With remembrance of Adonis and her ancient passion came.
O how often did Dione long to clasp her grandson's neck,
O how oft the loving murmur " Dear Adonis " did she check !
But she would not wake the sleeper nor disturb his quiet rest,
So she plucked the roses near him and their fragrant petals pressed
To her lips : the leaves grow warmer and with sudden rapture burn,
And to her who did them kindle give fresh fire in their turn,
Till from every flower she fondled with her lips there springs a kiss,
Rendering to the eager goddess multiplicity of bliss.

At Cytherea natans niveis per nubila cycnis
  Ingentis terrae coepit obire globum
Triptolemique modo fecundis oscula glebis
  Sparsit et ignotos ter dedit ore sonos.
Inde seges felix nata est mortalibus aegris,
  Inde medela meis unica nata malis.
Salvete aeternum, miserae moderamina flammae,
  Humida de gelidis basia nata rosis !
En ego sum, vestri quo vate canentur honores,
  Nota Medusaei dum iuga montis erunt.
Et memor Aeneadum stirpisque disertus amatae
  Mollia Romulidum verba loquetur Amor.

Then it was that Cytherea floating mid the clouds on high
Bade her swans to speed her earthwards in her chariot from the sky.
And as o'er the world she travelled, like Triptolemus of yore,
Cast abroad the seeds of kisses that upon her lips she bore,
Murmuring thrice a magic spell: whence from the fertile fields there rose
Kisses that allay love's fever, bringing solace for love's woes
And with dewy fragrance giving respite from the burning fire
That consumes a lover's bosom with the pangs of vain desire.
Blessings then upon you, kisses. I your praises will proclaim
While men tread the Muses' mountain, and in song rehearse your fame.
And young Cupid, still remembering father Aeneas, will come
And repeat the little language of the valiant sons of Rome.

BASIVM II

Vicina quantum vitis lascivit in ulmo
  Et tortiles per ilicem
Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corymbi :
  Tantum, Neaera, si queas
In mea nexilibus proserpere colla lacertis !
  Tali, Neaera, si queam
Candida perpetuum nexu tua colla ligare
  Iungens perenne basium !
Tunc me nec Cereris nec amici cura Lyaei
  Soporis aut amabilis,
Vita, tuo de purpureo divelleret ore ;
  Sed mutuis in osculis
Defectos ratis una duos portaret amantes
  Ad pallidam Ditis domum.
Mox per odoratos campos et perpetuum ver
  Produceremur in loca,
Semper ubi antiquis in amoribus heroinae
  Heroas inter nobiles.

THE SECOND KISS

Lovers in Elysium

As to its neighbour elm-tree clings the vine,
Or as the ivy loves the oak to twine
With its pale clusters, that their tender grace
May hold the topmost boughs in soft embrace :
So closely may your arms my neck enfold,
So closely, dear Neæra, may I hold
Your snow-white neck in clasp that none can sever
And join our lips in one long kiss for ever.
No thought of food, no weariness, no drouth,
Shall take me, dearest, from your rosy mouth ;
But bound in love together we will go
On Charon's barque to Pluto's realm below.
In that fair land, where spring eternal reigns,
Together we will walk the scented plains
And join the mighty warriors of yore,
Who with their dames upon the golden shore

Aut ducunt choreas alternave carmina laetae
In valle cantant myrtea,
Qua violisque rosisque et flavicomis narcissis
Vmbraculis trementibus
Inludit lauri nemus et crepitante susurro
Tepidi suave sibilant
Aeternum zephyri nec vomere saucia tellus
Fecunda solvit ubera.
Turba beatorum nobis adsurgeret omnis,
Inque herbidis sedilibus
Inter Maeonidas prima nos sede locarent ;
Nec ulla amatricum Iovis
Praerepto cedens indignaretur honore
Nec nata Tyndaris Iove.

Join in the dance and fill the myrtle grove
With strains of music and sweet songs of love.
There blooms the bright narcissus and the rose,
There in the shade the tender violet grows,
There laurels take the breezes, and on high
Warm zephyrs in the tree-tops softly sigh,
While mother-earth by ploughshare never pressed
Pours forth the richness of her fertile breast.
The happy host will give me as reward
A seat by Homer on the verdant sward
And Jove's fair lovers gladly will confess
That you surpass them all in loveliness
And yield you pride of place—yes, Helen even,
The comeliest daughter of the king of heaven.

BASIVM III

" Da mihi suaviolum," dicebam " blanda puella ! "
Libasti labris mox mea labra tuis.
Inde velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repente meo vellis ab ore procul.
Non hoc suaviolum dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum
Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

THE THIRD KISS

Butterfly kisses

When I asked you for a kiss
    You said " Yes " ;
And I felt your lips on mine
    Lightly press
For a moment : then, as tho'
You had touched a snake, they go.

Do you call that thing a kiss,
    Or profess
That a moment's lingering makes
    A caress ?
Such a kiss can only fan
Desire in a hungry man.

BASIVM IV

Non dat basia, dat Neaera nectar,
Dat rores animae suaveolentes,
Dat nardumque thymumque cinnamumque
Et mel, quale iugis legunt Hymetti
Aut in Cecropiis apes rosetis
Atque hinc virgineis et inde ceris
Saeptum vimineo tegunt quasillo.
Quae si multa mihi voranda dentur,
Immortalis in iis repente fiam
Magnorumque epulis fruar deorum.
Sed tu munere parce, parce tali,
Aut mecum dea fac, Neaera, fias.
Non mensas sine te volo deorum,
Non, si me rutilis praeesse regnis
Excluso Iove dii deaeque cogant.

THE FOURTH KISS

Transformation

'Tis nectar straight from heaven this
Neæra gives me, not a kiss ;
'Tis spikenard from some eastern clime
Balsam or cinnamon or thyme
Or honey such as Attic bees
Collect beneath the olive trees
Of grey Hymettus, when the rose
Its wealth of vernal splendour shows.

Give me much more, I shall become
A god, and in the gods' high home,
Join in their revels. But, ah no !
To be a god would never do,
Unless by that same magic spell
You made yourself a god as well.
In heaven's feasts I want no share,
If you, Neæra, are not there.

BASIVM V

Dum me mollibus hinc et hinc lacertis
Adstrictum premis imminensque toto
Collo, pectore lubricoque vultu
Dependes umeris, Neaera, nostris
Componensque meis labella labris
Et morsu petis et gemis remorsa
Et linguam tremulam hinc et inde vibras
Et linguam querulam hinc et inde sugis,
Adspirans animae suavis auram
Mollem, dulcisonam, humidam meaeque
Altricem miserae, Neaera, vitae ;
Hauriens animam meam caducam,
Flagrantem, nimio vapore coctam,

THE FIFTH KISS

The Power of Love

When in your tender arms you hold me,
  Clipped to your neck in close embrace,
And on your bosom soft enfold me,
  While you look down with smiling face.

When on my shoulder you are lying
  And on my lips your lips are laid,
Now with a bite my courage trying,
  Now of my teeth yourself afraid.

When your swift tongue my swift tongue captures,
  Drawing my life your life to meet.
And with its fragrant touch enraptures
  My hapless soul, so soft, so sweet.

Coctam pectoris impotentis aestu,
Eludisque meas, Neaera, flammas
Flabro pectoris haurientis aestum—
O iucunda mei caloris aura !
Tunc dico : " Deus est Amor deorum,
Et nullus deus est Amore maior.
Si quisquam tamen est Amore maior,
Tu, tu sola mihi es, Neaera, maior ! "

When in fierce flame my heart is burning
And I can scarce the fire contain,
As from my arms Neæra turning
Bids me my passion still refrain.

Then do I cry: "O Love victorious,
Greatest of all the powers that be;
If there be any god more glorious,
That god, Neæra, is for me."

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BASIVM VI

De meliore nota bis basia mille paciscens
Basia mille dedi, basia mille tuli.
Explesti numerum, fateor, iucunda Neaera,
Expleri numero sed nequit ullus amor.
Quis laudet Cererem numeratis surgere aristis ?
Gramen in inrigua quis numeravit humo ?
Quis tibi, Bacche, tulit pro centum vota racemis,
Agricolamve deum mille poposcit apes ?
Cum pius inrorat sitientes Iuppiter agros,
Deciduae guttas non numeramus aquae ;
Sic quoque cum ventis concussus inhorruit aër
Sumpsit et irata Iuppiter arma manu,
Grandine confusa terras et caerula pulsat,
Securus sternat quot sata quotve locis.
Seu bona, seu mala sunt, veniunt uberrima caelo,
Maiestas domui convenit illa Iovis.

THE SIXTH KISS

The Tale of Kisses

A thousand of the best I was to have ;
I took a thousand, and a thousand gave.
You by our compact fairly did abide,
But love by numbers ne'er is satisfied.
Who at the harvest counts the ripening ears
Or marks each blade of grass as it appears ?
Who ever heard of rustic vows like these ?
" Bacchus, a hundred grapes, a thousand bees ! "

When kindly Jove to bedew the earth is fain
We do not count the drops of falling rain ;
And when his anger makes the heavens quail
With furious tempest and with driving hail,
He smites the teeming crops in reckless joy
Nor cares how many fields his bolts destroy ;
For whether good or evil he bestows
Such majesty as his no measure knows.

Tu quoque, cum dea sis diva formosior illa,
Concha per aequoreum quam vaga ducit iter,
Basia cur numero caelestia dona coerces
Nec numeras gemitus, dura puella, meos
Nec lacrimas numeras, quae per faciemque sinumque
Duxerunt rivos semper euntis aquae ?
Si numeras lacrimas, numeres licet oscula, sed si
Non numeras lacrimas, oscula ne numeres
Et mihi da, miseri solacia vana doloris,
Innumera innumeris basia pro lacrimis !

You are a goddess too on earth that roam,
More fair than she who rides upon the foam ;
And as a goddess you should generous be,
Nor count the heavenly gifts you shower on me.
But if you must my tale of kisses tell,
Then count, Neæra, all my tears as well ;
And let me for their endless river earn
An endless stream of kisses in return.

BASIVM VII

Centum basia centies,
Centum basia millies,
Mille basia millies
Et tot milia millies,
Quot guttae Siculo mari,
Quot sunt sidera caelo,
Istis purpureis genis,
Istis turgidulis labris
Ocellisque loquaculis
Ferrem continuo impetu,
O formosa Neaera !
Sed dum totus inhaereo
Conchatim roseis genis,
Conchatim rutilis labris
Ocellisque loquaculis,
Non datur tua cernere
Labra, non roseas genas
Ocellosque loquaculos
Molles nec mihi risus,

THE SEVENTH KISS

Rivals

First a hundred hundred kisses,
  Then a hundred thousand more,
Then a million, till my bliss is
  By the millions of the score.
Limitless as drops of rain
Or waves upon the ocean main
  Or stars in heaven's floor.

On your cheeks, dear, would I press them,
  And upon your mirthful eyes ;
Take your lips and soft caress them,
  Lips where pouting pleasure lies ;
I would kiss the livelong day,
Never for a moment stray
  From love's own paradise.

But, alas, when I am clinging
  Limpet-like on your red lips,
To their warmth my kisses bringing
  While my tongue their honey sips ;
Eyes and mouth I cannot see,
Rosy cheeks are hid from me :
  Neæra's in eclipse.

Qui, velut nigra discutit
Caelo nubila Cynthius
Pacatumque per aethera
Gemmatis in equis micat,
  Flavo lucidus orbe,
Sic nutu eminus aureo
Et meis lacrimas genis
Et curas animo meo
  Et suspiria pellunt.
Heu, quae sunt oculis meis
Nata proelia cum labris ?
Ergo ego mihi vel Iovem
Rivalem potero pati ?
Rivales oculi mei
  Non ferunt mea labra.

Worst of all, your smile so tender
  Which puts all my cares to flight
As the clouds of heaven surrender
  To the sun in splendour bright
When he shines with presence clear :
I must lose that vision, dear,
  Nor catch its radiant light.

So my eyes and lips go fighting,
  And for their own pleasure strive.
Jove himself on earth alighting
  Would to me less trouble give.
I his rivalry could bear,
But this other rival pair
  Will not in concord live.

BASIVM VIII

Quis te furor, Neaera
Inepta, quis iubebat
Sic involare nostram,
Sic vellicare linguam
Ferociente morsu ?
An, quas tot unus abs te
Pectus per omne gesto
Penetrabiles sagittas,
Parum videntur, istis
Ni dentibus protervis
Exerceas nefandum
Membrum nefas in illud,
Quo saepe sole primo,
Quo saepe sole sero,
Quo per diesque longas
Noctesque amarulentas
Laudes tuas canebam ?
Haec est, iniqua (nescis ?),
Haec illa lingua nostra est,
Quae tortiles capillos,
Quae paetulos ocellos,

THE EIGHTH KISS

To Neæra, who in kissing bit his Tongue

What frenzy was it, void of skill,
Bade you, Neæra, work your will
Of mischief on my hapless tongue
And do to it this grievous wrong ?
You knew that you had pierced my heart
With shafts of love in every part :
And were you still unsatisfied
Until you had your sharp teeth tried
Upon that other member too
Who only lives to sing of you ?
From early morn to eve's decline,
Through nights of grief and day's sunshine,
This faithful tongue, you know it well,
Has only but one tale to tell.
" Behold Neæra's sparkling eyes,
Behold her braided locks," it cries ;

Quae lacteas papillas,
Quae colla mollicella
Venustulae Neaerae
Molli per astra versu
Vltra Iovis calores
Caelo invidente vexit,
Quae te, meam salutem,
Quae te, meamque vitam
Animae neaeque florem,
Et te, meos amores,
Et te, meos lepores,
Et te, meam Dionen,
Et te, meam columbam
Albamque turturillam
Venere invidente dixit.
An vero, an est id ipsum,
Quod te iuvat, superba,
Inferre vulnus illi,
Quam laesione nulla,
Formosa, posse nosti
Ira tumere tanta,

" Behold her bosom white as milk,
Behold her neck more soft than silk."
Neæra's charms in wanton verses
Among the stars it still rehearses
Beyond Jove's flame, and is so zealous
It makes the very heavens jealous.
" Flower of my soul "—they hear it call—
" My dearest life, my all in all,
My sweetest sweetling, in whose arms
I find escape from all alarms,
My milk-white pigeon, queen of love "—
See Venus frown—" My turtle-dove."
How was it then you had the whim,
Proud beauty, thus to injure him
Who dares to exalt above the skies
The beauty of your lips and eyes ?
It was, forsooth, because you know
I never should so angry grow

Quin semper hos ocellos,
Quin semper haec labella
Et qui sibi salaces
Malum dedere dentes
Inter suos cruores
Balbutiens recantet ?
O vis superba formae !

As not to make that tongue proclaim,
Albeit in broken words, your fame,
And of your teeth the praises sound
Which dealt it this so cruel wound
And bleeding still your charm confess.
O tyranny of loveliness !

BASIVM IX

Non semper udum da mihi basium
Nec iuncta blandis sibila risibus
  Nec semper in meum recumbe
    Implicitum moribunda collum.

Mensura rebus est sua dulcibus,
Vt quodque mentes suavius adficit,
  Fastidium sic triste secum
    Limite proximiore ducit.

Cum te rogabo ter tria basia,
Tu deme septem nec nisi da duo
  Vtrumque nec longum nec udum,
    Qualia teligero Diana

THE NINTH KISS

The Spice of Love

Kiss me : but kiss me not too much.
  Whisper not always in my ear.
Make me not weary of the touch
  Of soft arms ever near.

The rarer joys the sweeter are.
  In love there should due measure be.
If pleasure is prolonged too far
  It breeds satiety.

If for nine kisses I should cry,
  Pay me the two and leave the seven.
And let the two be quick and dry
  And not with rapture given,

Dat casta fratri, qualia dat patri
Experta nullos nata Cupidines ;
  Mox e meis lasciva ocellis
    Curre procul natitante planta

Et te remotis in penetralibus
Et te latebris abdito in intimis !
  Sequar latebras usque in imas,
    In penetrale sequar repostum.

Praedamque victor fervidus in meam
Vtrimque heriles iniciens manus
  Raptabo, ut imbellem columbam
    Vnguibus accipiter recurvis.

But such as chaste Diana yields
To Phœbus in sororal play,
As virgins to the sire who shields
Their maidenhood should pay.

Then quick be off and leave my side,
While I pursue your flying feet
And seek the corner where you hide
Concealed in safe retreat,

Until I find my treasure trove
And on your lair come swooping down,
Like some fierce hawk upon a dove,
My arms about you thrown.

Tu deprecantes victa dabis manus
Haerensque totis pendula brachiis
Placare me septem iocosis
Basiolis cupies, inepta.

Errabis ! Illud crimen ut eluam,
Septena iungam basia septies
Atque hoc catenatis lacertis
Impediam, fugitiva, collum,

Dum persolutis omnibus osculis
Iurabis omnes per Veneres tuas
Te saepius poenas easdem
Crimine velle pari subire.

Then my just anger to appease,
  My victory you will allow,
And cry in plaintive accents—" Please,
  Accept the seven now."

But that atonement will not do.
  I've run you down and you are mine.
You cannot from your prison go
  Till you give forty-nine.

And when you've paid your lawful debt
  You'll swear that you another time
Will do the like, if I accept
  Like payment for your crime.

BASIVM X

Non sunt certa, meam moveant quae basia mentem.
Vda labris udis conseris : uda iuvant.
Nec sua basiolis non est quoque gratia siccis,
Fluxit ab his tepidus saepe sub ossa vapor.
Dulce quoque est oculis nutantibus oscula ferre
Auctoresque sui demeruisse mali,
Sive genis totis totive incumbere collo
Seu niveis umeris seu sinui niveo
Et totas livore genas collumque notare
Candidulosque umeros candidulumque sinum
Seu labris querulis titubantem sugere linguam
Et miscere duas iuncta per ora animas
Inque peregrinum diffundere corpus utramque,
Languet in extremo cum moribundus amor.
Me breve, me longum capiet laxumque tenaxque,
Seu mihi das, seu do, lux, tibi basiolum.

THE TENTH KISS

Kisses : their Variety

I have no taste for any special kind
Of kisses ; all are charming to my mind.
I like them wet ; but dry delight me too,
They make my veins with burning passion glow.
To press your lips upon your lady's eyes
And with a kiss their radiance to surprise
Is most delicious ; so they are repaid
For all the havoc they on you have made.
'Tis pleasant too to take her mouth, her breast,
Her snowy shoulders, and the snowy nest
Her bosom makes, and on that fair domain
To leave the imprint of your kisses plain :
Or else with pleading lips her tongue to pluck
To your own mouth and there its sweetness suck
In languid rapture, giving in exchange
Your tongue whereon her eager lips may range.

Qualia sed sumes, numquam mihi talia redde,
Diversis varium ludat uterque modis.
At quem deficiet varianda figura priorem,
Legem summissis audiat hanc oculis,
Vt quot utrimque prius data sint, tot basia solus
Dulcia victori det totidemque modis.

But in variety I most believe,
Nor must we give what we ourselves receive.
These are the laws of combat : if the male
In due inventiveness of kissing fail,
He to the victor shall the same count pay
As he has had, and in each several way.

BASIVM XI

Basia lauta nimis quidam me iungere dicunt,
Qualia rugosi non didicere patres.
Ergo ego cum cupidis stringo tua colla lacertis,
Lux mea, basiolis immoriorque tuis,
Anxius exquiram, quid de me quisque loquatur ?
Ipse quis aut ubi sim, vix meminisse vacat.
Audiit et risit formosa Neaera meumque
Hinc collum nivea cinxit et inde manu
Basiolumque dedit, quo non lascivius unquam
Inseruit Marti Cypria blanda suo,
Et : " Quid," ait, " metuis turbae decreta severae ?
Causa meo tantum competit ista foro."

THE ELEVENTH KISS

Neæra's Verdict

" The kisses that he gives in wanton play
  Our rugged fathers never would approve ! "
But how may I regard what people say
  When I can think of nothing else but love ?
I only long into your arms to fly
And with your kisses on my lips to die.

Neæra smiled to see me thus distressed,
  And round my neck her arms encircling wreathed,
And on my hot lips fragrant kisses pressed,
  More sweet than Mars from Venus e'er received.
" A fig for such sour puritans ! " she cried,
" I am the judge and I alone decide."

BASIVM XII

Quid vultus removetis hinc pudicos,
Matronaeque puellulaeque castae ?
Non hic furta deum iocosa canto
Monstrosasve libidinum figuras,
Nulla hic carmina mentulata, nulla,
Quae non discipulos ad integellos
Hirsutus legat in schola magister.
Inermes cano basiationes,
Castus Aonii chori sacerdos.
Sed vultus adhibent modo huc protervos
Matronaeque puellulaeque cunctae,

THE TWELFTH KISS

The Poet's Defence

Our modest maids and matrons need not shrink from me, nor fear
To turn my pages over ; there is no Priapus here.
I do not sing of monstrous loves or how the gods come down
To frolic in our marriage beds and make our wives their own.
My theme is harmless kissing : there is nothing that a master
Could not read before a class of boys in school without disaster.

'Tis true by accident sometimes a word too strong slips out,
And that is why our wanton maids and matrons spy about,

Ignari quia forte mentulatum
Verbum diximus evolante voce.
Ite hinc, ite procul, molesta turba,
Matronaeque puellulaeque turpes !
Quanto castior est Neaera nostra,
Quae certe sine mentula libellum
Mavult quam sine mentula poetam !

To see if on some naughtiness they may perhaps
alight:
But there is nothing for them, it is not for them I
write.
My chaste Neæra much prefers, as they will soon
discover,
The sexless type of poem to the sexless type of lover.

BASIVM XIII

Languidus e dulci certamine, vita, iacebam
Exanimis, fusa per tua colla manu.
Omnis in arenti consumptus spiritus ore
Flamine non poterat cor recreare novo.
Iam Styx ante oculos et regna carentia sole,
Luridaque annosi cymba Charontis erat,
Cum tu suaviolum educens pulmonis ab imo
Adflasti siccis inriguum labiis,
Suaviolum, Stygia quod me de valle reduxit
Et iussit vacua currere nave senem.

THE THIRTEENTH KISS

Love, Life and Death

Faint from our dear encounter, love, I lay
And panting let my languid fingers stray
Around your neck ; my lips were parched and dry ;
I scarce could breathe, and death seemed drawing nigh.
I saw the waves of Styx before me roll,
I saw old Charon waiting for his toll,
I saw and trembled ; till your kisses fell
Wet on my mouth and brought me back from hell,
Bidding the ferryman to wait no more,
But sail without me to the further shore.

Erravi : vacua non remigat ille carina,
Flebilis ad manes iam natat umbra mea.
Pars animae, mea vita, tuae hoc in corpore vivit
Et dilapsuros sustinet articulos ;
Quae tamen impatiens in pristina iura reverti
Saepe per arcanas nititur aegra vias
Ac nisi dilecta per te foveatur ab aura,
Iam conlabentes deserit articulos.
Ergo age, labra meis innecte tenacia labris,
Assidueque duos spiritus unus alat,
Donec inexpleti post taedia sera furoris
Vnica de gemino corpore vita fluet.

" Without me," do I say ? No, that is wrong.
I am a shade and to the shades belong.
The soul that in my feeble body lives,
Is but a part of yours and ever strives
To break its fragile tenement and fly
To its own place in Death's sad company ;
And were it not, my darling, for your care
'Twould leave my limbs and to the darkness fare.

Come, join me lip to lip, above, beneath,
And let us mate our souls in one long breath,
Until, as passion ebbs, its tide sunk low,
One stream of life from our two bodies flow.

BASIVM XIV

Quid profers mihi flammeum labellum ?
Non te, non volo basiare, dura,
Duro marmore durior, Neaera !
Tanti istas ego ut osculationes
Imbelles faciam, superba, vestras,
Vt nervo totiens rigens supino
Pertundam tunicas meas tuasque
Et desiderio furens inani

Tabescam miser aestuante vena ?
Quo fugis ? Remane nec hos ocellos,
Nec nega mihi flammeum labellum !
Te iam, te volo basiare mollis,
Molli mollior anseris medulla !

THE FOURTEENTH KISS

The Coquette

Why put your lips to mine
  And yet more hard than stone remain ?
Why, cruel, let me pine
  And all my vigour from me drain,
Until my very clothes confess
The passion that I must repress ?

Is it worth the price I pay,
  Consumed and faint with spent desire ?
Yes, yes ! Neæra, stay
  And let me feel again that fire.
I still have strength for kisses, though
I am more soft than down below.

BASIVM XV

Adducto puer Idalius post tempora nervo
Stabat in exitium, pulchra Neaera, tuum ;
Cum frontem sparsosque videns in fronte capillos
Luminaque argutis inrequieta notis
Flammeolasque genas et dignas matre papillas,
Iecit ab ambigua tela remissa manu
Inque tuas cursu effusus pueriliter ulnas
Mille tibi fixit basia mille modis,
Quae succos tibi myrteolos cypriosque liquores
Pectoris afflarunt usque sub ima tui,
Iuravitque deos omnes Veneremque parentem
Nil tibi post unquam velle movere mali.
Et miremur adhuc, cur tam tua basia fragrent,
Duraque, cur miti semper amore vaces !

THE FIFTEENTH KISS

Cupid's Defeat

As Cupid with uplifted bow
  Stood waiting, dear, to strike you down,
He saw your cheeks with fire aglow,
  Your eyes, your breasts like Venus' own,
The curls that on your forehead play :
And cast his wavering darts away.

Swift to your arms the young god flew
  And pressed a thousand kisses on you,
All fragrant with the Cyprian's dew
  Breathing her myrtles' scent upon you ;
And by the Gods and Venus swore
He never would annoy you more.

What wonder then your kisses are so sweet,
And that in love no sorrow you should meet ?

BASIVM XVI

Latonae niveo sidere blandior
Et stella Veneris pulchrior aurea,
  Da mi basia centum !
  Da tot basia, quot dedit

Vati multivolo Lesbia, quot tulit ;
Quot blandae Veneres quotque Cupidines
  Et labella pererrant
  Et genas roseas tuas ;

Quot vitas oculis quotque neces geris,
Quot spes quotque metus quotque perennibus
  Mixta gaudia curis
  Et suspiria amantium.

Da, quam multa meo spicula pectori
Insevit volucris dira manus dei
  Et quam multa pharetra
  Conservavit in aurea.

THE SIXTEENTH KISS

Love and Youth

O sweeter than Latona's star,
  Fairer than Venus in the sky,
Let me a hundred kisses take,
  And in reply

Give me as many as of old
  Her bard from Lesbia would seek :
As many as the Loves that fly
  Around your cheek ;

As many as the hopes and fears
  Of life and death within your eyes,
Where joys and griefs together meet
  And lovers' sighs ;

As many as the shafts that pierce
  My burning heart and leave me never ;
Or as the darts that still remain
  In Cupid's quiver.

Adde et blanditias verbaque publica
Et cum suavicrepis murmura sibilis,
  Risu non sine grato,
  Gratis non sine morsibus,

Quales Chaoniae garrula motibus
Alternant tremulis rostra columbulae,
  Cum se dura remittit
  Primis bruma Favoniis.

Incumbensque meis mentis inops genis
Huc, illuc oculos volve natatiles
  Exsanguemque lacertis
  Dic te sustineam meis.

Stringam nexilibus tete ego brachiis,
Frigentem calido pectore comprimam
  Et vitam tibi longi
  Reddam afflamine basii.

Join with your kisses murmurs low ;
  Smile soft endearments in my ear ;
And as you bite me, say the words
  I love to hear.

So let us, like a pair of doves
  In the fair days of early spring,
Our quivering lips in one long kiss
  Together bring.

Rest on my cheeks your swimming gaze
  And all distraught with passion cry :
" O take me, take me ; or I shall
  In rapture die."

Then my warm arms shall hold you close,
  And I your dear weight will sustain,
And with fond kisses give you back
  Your life again,

Donec succiduum me quoque spiritus
Istis roscidulis linquet in osculis,
  Labentemque lacertis
  Dicam conlige me tuis.

Stringes nexilibus me, mea, bracchiis,
Mulcebis tepido pectore frigidum
  Et vitam mihi longi ad-
  Flabis rore suavii.

Sic aevi, mea lux, tempora floridi
Carpamus simul ; en iam miserabiles
  Curas aegra senectus
  Et morbos trahet et necem.

Until I too in turn grow weak
  And must from all endeavour cease,
Only desiring in your arms
  To rest at peace.

Then will you play the healer's part
  With arms that cling and lips that burn,
And hold me close in warm embrace
  Till life return.

So let us pass the happy hours,
  While we are young and life is sweet.
Sickness and age and death draw nigh
  With hurrying feet.

BASIVM XVII

Qualem purpureo diffundit mane colorem,
  Quae rosa nocturnis roribus immaduit,
Matutina rubent dominae sic oscula nostrae
  Basiolis longa nocte rigata meis ;
Quae circum facies niveo candore coronat,
  Virginis ut violam cum tenet alba manus :
Tale novum seris cerasum sub floribus ardet,
  Aestatemque et ver cum simul arbor habet.
Me miserum ! Quare, cum fragrantissima iungis
  Oscula, de thalamo cogor abire tuo ?
O saltem labris serva hunc, formosa, ruborem,
  Dum tibi me referet noctis opaca quies.
Si tamen interea cuiusquam basia carpent,
  Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.

THE SEVENTEENTH KISS

Neæra's Lips

As some red rosebud, in the darkness born,
Unfolds its dewy petals to the morn ;
So do my lady's lips the day delight
Bedewed by me with kisses through the night.
And as a cherry-tree shows white and red
When summer comes before the spring has fled ;
So do her cheeks as setting for them stand
Like snow-white violets in a virgin's hand.
O woe is me ! Your kisses burn my heart.
Why must I leave you and perforce depart ?
Ah, let those lips like roses still remain
When evening brings me to your bed again.
But if another lover should them seek,
May they outpale the pallor of my cheek.

BASIVM XVIII

Cum labra nostrae cerneret puellae
Inclusa circo candidae figurae,
Vt si quis ornet arte curiosa
Corallinis eburna signa baccis,
Flevisse fertur Cypris et gemendo
Lascivientes convocasse Amores
Et : " Quid iuvat," dixisse, " purpuratis
Vicisse in Ida Palladem labellis
Et pronubam magni Iovis sororem
Sub arbitro pastore, cum Neaera
Haec antecellat arbitro poeta ?

THE EIGHTEENTH KISS

Venus's Revenge

When first the Cyprian did behold
Neæra's lips—so we are told—
Set in the circle of her face
As though some skilful hand might grace
A visage carved in ivory rare
With coral cherries in a pair,
The goddess fell in disarray
And called the little Loves from play
To gather round her. " How," she cried,
" Can I in victory have pride
Because my lips in Ida's wood,
Where Pallas and Queen Juno stood
Before the shepherd's judgment seat,
Were judged of all to be most sweet?
Neæra's poet dares opine
Her lips to be more fair than mine.

At vos furentes ite in hunc poetam
Et dira plenis tela de pharetris
In illius medullulas tenellas
Pectusque per iecurque per iocosum
Distringite acres perstrepente cornu.
At illa nullo pertepescat igne,
Sed tacta pectus plumbea sagitta,
Torpescat imas congelata venas."
Evenit ; imis uror in medullis,
Et torrido iecur liquescit igne ;
Tu fulta pectus asperis pruinis
Et caute, quales aut maris Sicani
Aut Hadriae unda tundit aestuosa,
Secura ludis impotentem amantem.
Ingrata ! Propter ista labra rubra
Laudata plector. Heu, misella, nescis,
Cur oderis nec ira quid deorum

Go then and on the impious bard
Wreak all your fury. Smite him hard
With every arrow in your quiver.
Pierce him through breast and heart and liver.
But let the girl still cold remain
And chill with ice her every vein :
Let her yield naught to his desires,
Nor ever burn with passion's fires."

Her will was done. To me they came,
And now I am consumed with flame ;
But your cold heart in frost is bound
And harder than the sea cliffs found,
While you, yourself from trouble free,
Triumphant make a mock of me.
Ungrateful ! 'Twas because I sang
Of your red lips that now I hang
Upon love's cross. You do not guess
The reason of your frowardness,

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Effrena possit et furor Diones.
Duros remitte, mollicella, fastus
Istoque dignos ore sume mores
Et quae meorum causa sunt dolorum
Mellita labris necte labra nostris,
Haurire possis ut mei pusillum
Praecordiis ex intimis veneni
Et mutuis languere victa flammis !
At nec deos nec tu time Dionen :
Formosa divis imperat puella.

Nor know that it is Venus's spite
That makes you thus against me fight.

Come now, my sweetling, lay aside
This frenzy of insensate pride.
It suits you not ; and in its place
Wear kindness, comely as your face.
O let me have those lips again
That are the cause of all my pain,
And our two breaths in one combine,
As I draw yours and you draw mine,
That from my veins the poison flow
To yours, and make you lovesick too.
And as for Venus and the gods,
Fear not : they bow when beauty nods.

BASIVM XIX

Mellilegae volucres, quid adhuc thyma cana rosasque
Et rorem vernae nectareum violae
Lingitis aut florem late spirantis anethi ?
Omnes ad dominae labra venite meae.
Illa rosas spirant omnes thymaque omnia sola
Et succum vernae nectareum violae.
Inde procul dulces aurae funduntur anethi,
Narcissi veris illa madent lacrimis
Oebaliique madent iuvenis fragrante cruore,
Qualis uterque liquor, cum cecidisset, erat,
Nectareque aetherio medicatus, et et aëre puro,
Impleret fetu versicolore solum.

THE NINETEENTH KISS

Where Bees should take their Honey

Ye honey-bees, why roam afar
  To suck the grey thyme and the rose ?
Why trouble where the violets are
  And where the fragrant anise blows ?
My lady's lips your garden make
And thence a richer harvest take.

There roses breathe and violets sweet,
  There of the thyme you'll find good store,
There anise and narcissus meet
  And that pure odour which of yore
Upon the earth new blossoms shed
When lovely Hyacinth fell dead.

Sed me iure meo libantem mellea labra
  Ingratae socium ne prohibete favis.
Non etiam totas avidae distendite cellas,
  Arescant dominae ne semel ora meae
Basiaque impressans siccis sitientia labris,
  Garrulus indicii triste feram pretium.
Heu non et stimulis compungite molle labellum :
  Ex oculis stimulos vibrat et illa pares.
Credite, non ullum patietur vulnus inultum :
  Leniter innocuae mella legatis apes.

But let me in that honey share
  And do not hide it all away.
To steal my rights would be unfair
  And 'twas a cruel price to pay
For giving you the word if I
Come to her lips and find them dry.

Be heedful too and do no harm
  Ere to the hive your way you wing
With your sweet prize : her lips are warm,
  But danger lurks ; they too can sting.
Believe me : all too well I know
She lets no wrong unpunished go.

AMORES
THE LOVES

ELEGIA I

i

" Pierides alius dira inter bella cruentet,
Vulneraque ingeminet saeva necesque virum,
Cuius bis fuso madefiant sanguine versus.
Hei mihi ! plus satis est quem cecidisse semel.
Nos puerum sancta volucrem cum matre canamus
Spargentem tenera tela proterva manu."
Sic ego : sic fanti radiantibus adstitit alis
Cum face, cum cornu, cum iaculisque puer.
Fallor, an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas ?
Anxius in voltu iam mihi pallor erat.

THE PRELUDE

" Let others sing of war's fierce mood,
  Of carnage and of heroes' gore,
Dyeing their page with twice-shed blood.
  One death for me ! I want no more.
I rather tell of sportive Love
Prepared on me his darts to prove."

E'en as I spoke, the boy drew nigh
  With bow and shafts and torch alight,
His wings bright quivering in the sky.
  I trembled and grew pale with fright.
Methought a whetstone I could see
With arrows sharpening for me.

" Parce tuum," dixi, " ferro terrere poetam
Castra parat dudum qui tua sponte sequi,
Imperiumque potens et regna patentia late,
Quae te spumigena cum genetrice colunt,
Carmine vocali patrias resonare per urbes
Aggreditur : tuus est ; laedere parce tuum."
Ille nihil motus, lunato fervidus arcu,
" Accipe quae," dixit, " multa diuque canas ;
Et non ignotae celebra nunc robora dextrae,
Formaque quid valeat disce decentis herae."
Vix ea personuit, sonuit simul arcus, et una
Cum iaculo in venas sensimus isse deum.

" O spare me, spare me," loud I cried ;
" A volunteer I to you came,
Ready to combat by your side
And through the world to spread the fame
Of her who rose from out the wave.
Spare, spare the bard who is your slave ! "

But he unmoved drew forth his bow
And said : " Here's matter for your songs.
Hard is my hand, and you shall know
The power to beauty that belongs."
Then drew : the arrow pierced my veins,
And with his shaft the god remains.

ELEGIA I

iii

Si quis erit iuvenum dominae qui turpe putabit
  Vincula in ingenuo pectore serva pati,
Ille quidem certe quid sit Venus ignea nescit,
  Et nondum veris incaluit facibus.
Illius obriguit glaciali frigore pectus
  Qui tam dulce pati servitium renuit.
Non onerosa mihi, non est formosa pudori.
  Formosas dominas Iupiter ipse tulit.
Eheu quam mea me caeca face Iulia torret !
  Non sic assiduis ignibus Aetna calet :
Nec tanto venas consumitur aridus aestu
  Mole sub Aetnaea conditus Enceladus.
Sic agitur primo iuvenis furibundus in igne,
  Cui iecur ignoto laesit Amor iaculo.
Nos tamen hanc lente, cum sit formosa, feramus
  Et demus victas vincla sub arcta manus.
Scilicet est aliquid specioso carcere claudi
  Et iuvat aurata compede posse premi.

The willing Slave

If there be any youth who thinks it shame
  Before his mistress like a slave to cower,
He ne'er has burned with a true lover's flame
  Nor knows how wondrous is the Cyprian's power.
Cold is the heart, by passion unsubdued,
That can refuse so sweet a servitude.

Why feel ashamed to bow to beauty's charms
  When Jove himself fell captive to desire ?
Ah me, when I hold Julia in my arms,
  My heart as fiercely burns as Etna's fire,
Consumed by flames more ravenous than those
Enceladus beneath the mountain knows.

When first a lad is pierced by Cupid's dart
  He frets in rage and vainly beats the air.
I take my slavery in better part
  And yield submissive to my lady fair.
To be imprisoned in a paradise
With chains of gold I think is rather nice.

Illa mihi leges victrix praescribat et in me
  Regia formosis sceptra gerat manibus.
Illius imperio ventos patiemur et imbres,
  Ibimus et solas nocte silente vias.
Nec grave frigus erit nec solstitium, licet in me
  Fervidus ingeminet sidera sicca puer.
Illa volet comitem sibi me quocunque, sequemur
  Qua via nulla rotae pervia, nulla rati.
Illa meas torret—sed torreat usque—medullas :
  Prompta tibi sint haec spicula, sancte puer.
Nec mihi deficiat calor hic hiemantibus annis,
  Nec me cum tenebris obruet atra dies.
Tunc detur tremulis illam manibus complectar,
  Et fugientem inter basia fundam animam ;
Quae tunc purpureis labris remorata resistet
  Forsan, et inceptum laeta redibit iter ;
Spernet et Elysias sedes vallemque beatam
  Prae tam mellitae basiolis dominae.

Let my dear conqueror her laws dictate,
  And wield the sceptre, in her power secure.
If she command I will not hesitate
  To roam by night, and wind and rain endure.
The winter's cold I'll bear, the summer's heat
Though Cupid burn as well—nor own defeat.

Where'er she bids me follow, I will go,
  On paths where neither wheel nor sail can move.
As throbs my heart to-day, so may it glow
  For ever with the burning shafts of love.
When old age comes may I be still her thrall
And when the shades of death about me fall.

My trembling arms shall hold her on that day
  As in a kiss I draw my latest breath,
Which then perchance upon my lips will stay
  Nor further go on its dark road beneath,
Scorning the valleys of Elysian bliss
If only it may win another kiss.

ELEGIA I

iv

" Maius alit frondes ; Maio sine fronde virenti
Ire nefas ; mos hoc, lux mea, priscus habet.
Ergo, age, certemus : tibi me sine fronde reperto
Munus quod niveum pectus adornet erit.
Corporis o felix illa quod sede fruatur
Cuius ab aspectu gaudia mille fero !
At tibi lex haec sit, folii viridantis ut orba
Oscula cogaris mox dare pauca mihi,
Oscula quae possint fugientem sistere vitam
Restet ubi nullis spes medicaminibus,
Pallidulamque animam Stygiae subducere lintri,
In non concessas et revocare vias."

Queen of the May

" May is the month when hedgerows green
With hawthorn buds are gay.
No girl can now abroad be seen
Without a sprig of may.
So come and let us look about
To see if we can spy one out.

" These are the rules. If you shall find
A bunch without my aid,
The posy on your breast I'll bind
And wish that I were laid
Myself within that snowy nest
And of its treasures were possessed.

" But if you fail, at once to me
You must three kisses give :
Such kisses as, if I should be
Near death, would make me live,
And when I thought that none could save
Would call me back from Lethe's wave."

Sic ego : depresso sic lux mea rettulit ore
Pauca, sed argutis multa loquens oculis :
" Basiaque et mea quo iurabis basia vinci
Accipies aliquid, si modo victor eris."
Dixit, et os avidum roseo mihi molliter ore
Pressit, et " hoc cape nunc, cetera victor " ait.
Victor ero certe ; nec opem, Cytherea, negabis
Si tua, si nati numina sancta colo.
Tunc ego lascivae potero contendere viti
Quae se vicinis implicat arboribus ;
Nec me hederae varius superabit in ilice nodus ;
Brachia erunt collo sic mea nexa meae.
At vos, purpurei reges, ignoscite victi :
Risus erunt vestrae tunc mihi divitiae.

Thus I, and thus my sweet replied :
" Three kisses I'll bestow
Upon the victor, and beside
Something that you'll allow
Is sweeter still." No more she said,
But what she meant her looks betrayed.

Her face indeed she kept turned down,
But I could see her eyes
Which seemed more soft and melting grown ;
And then—" Here's half the prize " ;
She cried ; " but you must win the rest."
And on my lips three kisses pressed.

So win I must. And when I do,
As clings the wanton vine
Around her I my arms will throw
And clasp her breast to mine.
Ye kings of earth, compared to me
You are beggars sunk in misery !

ELEGIA I

V

Una meas igitur versabit femina curas,
  Unaque mi risus, unaque fletus erit ?
Una mihi dulces facies moderabitur annos ?
  Quos mihi Persephone non volet esse diu.
Nam seu dura meos illa aversabitur ignes,
  Seu facilem sese dat mihi, morte premor. . . .
Labra columbatim committe corallina labris,
  Nec vacet officio linguave densve suo.
Et mihi da centum, da mitia basia mille ;
  Da super haec aliquid, lux mea ; numen ero. . . .
Nam tibi quid prosit faciem corrumpere rugis ?
  Hae venient fronti, nec mora longa, tuae.
Quin potius, dum fata sinunt et nigra sororum
  Stamina, verque viret nobile, carpe rosas.
En tibi qui tecum redolentia munera carpet,
  Tecum florentes et parat ire vias.

Gather ye Roses

And shall one woman rule me all my years
And be the cause of all my smiles and tears ?
Shall I be constant all this life of mine,
I who so soon must dwell with Proserpine ?
Whether my mistress kind or cruel be,
It matters not : death waits in watch for me.
Come, join your lips to mine, as pigeons use ;
Let neither tongue nor teeth their part refuse.
A hundred kisses : nay, a thousand even :
And then the final gift : I mount to heaven.
What profits it with frowns to mar your grace ?
Too soon will wrinkles spread on that fair face.
Nay rather pluck the rose, while yet you may,
Ere life's bright spring by fate is swept away.
See, I am here : together let us tread
The flowery path before its blooms fall dead.

Lumina cui servas aurum iaculantia purum ?
Cui teretes digitos artificemque pedem ?
Fascia lacteolis cui stat distenta papillis ?
Cui risus et cui mollia verba paras ?
Cuius dispositus nutritur crinis in usum ?
Oscula felicis cuius erunt domini ?
Scilicet ingrato servaveris omnia nautae
Lethaeam veteri qui rate verrit aquam. . . .
Quare ne tibi sit tanti regalibus umbris
Posse frui ut vivus sum tibi vilis ego.
Te iuvet in nostris positam languere lacertis ;
Me iuvet in gremio, vita, cubare tuo,
Et cum suaviolis animam deponere nostris
Eque tuis animam sugere suaviolis,
Sive meam, lux, sive tuam ; sed sit tua malim
Ipse tuo ut spirem pectore, tuque meo.

For whose delight do you those bright eyes guard
And those full breasts that bondage find so hard ?
Those tapering fingers and those skilful feet,
Those lips perfumed with kisses honey-sweet ?
For whom do you array those locks of gold ?
Who shall your smiles and wanton jests behold ?
Will you all these for crusty Charon save
Who sweeps in crazy barque the Stygian wave ?
Nay, let the dead take pleasure where they can,
And for your lover choose a living man.
Come to me, sweetest ; rest within my arm,
And let me lie upon your bosom warm,
To expire in kisses with delicious pain
And from your kisses win back life again,
My life or yours : but let it, sweet, be thine :
I draw your breath and you, dear love, draw mine.

ELEGIA I

vi

Nunc mihi Praxitelis digiti, nunc Mentoris essent,
Nunc Lysippeae, Phidiacaeque manus !
Iulia namque meo sculpi cupit aurea caelo
Nec tantum in libris nomen habere meis.
Non ego sum, fateor, caelestem effingere formam
Qui valeam : at dominae spernere iussa nefas.
Non ego te, mea lux, faciam de marmore duro ;
Illa decet rigidum materies animum.
Iam iam fama meis maior venit artibus : ipsam
Sculpere mi videor caelicolam Venerem.
Sed dum te video et propius tua lumina specto,
Aemula Phoebeis lumina luminibus,
Ferre negant oculi iaculantem spicula voltum,
Caelaque nota negat languida ferre manus.
Deficit et torpet, nec iam sibi conscius artis
Ullius est animus nec memor ipse sui.
Ah, nulli fas est mortali effingere divas.
Mens cadit : obstupeo heu, et mihi surripior.

To Julia, who had asked for her Statue in Marble

O would that I had great Lysippus' art,
Or that to me old Phidias might impart
Some of his skill. Would I had Mentor's ease
Or hold the chisel of Praxiteles !

My Julia bids me carve her shape in stone,
Nor spread her fame abroad in verse alone.
I must obey ; though never power was mine
To limn a face and figure so divine.

How, sweet, in stone can I your image frame ?
Marble is hard ; you must not be the same.
Too great this glory for my feeble hands :
Methinks that Venus' self before me stands.

And while I look, and on your bright eyes gaze,
Those eyes that dim Apollo's golden blaze,
My eyes that radiance can scarce endure
And leave my wits distraught, my hands unsure.

No, no ! It is not right for common clay
The shaping of a goddess to essay.
My courage fails me and my hands refuse
To hold the chisel which I cannot use.

ELEGIA I

vii

Insidiose puer, maternis saevior undis,
  Hacne tuus vates fraude petendus eram ? . . .
Et nunc ille venit diversa rusticus urbe
  Praetendens sancti foedera coniugii ;
Subque rota ponat odiosam in pulvere vitam,
  Multaque proiecti viscera carpat avis.
Aut mergatur aquis et monstra natantia pascat.
  Quanta deo pelagi tunc ego dona feram !
Sic nec in amplexus veniet nec in oscula nostra
  Improbus, et sceleris gaudia nulla feret,
Et iuvenes alios violenta sorte monebit
  Vatum deliciis non temerare manus.
At tu, sive tuos ignes transmittis in illum,
  Iulia, sive magis te tua fata trahunt,
Infelix nimis et querulo mihi carmine flenda es,
  Cogeris ignoto quae comes ire viro,
Et te captivis hominum miscere catervis
  Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.

Julia's Betrothal

O crafty Love, is this to be the end
And this the ruin on your bard you send ?
To-day that boorish stranger dares draw near
Who means to wed the maid I loved so dear.
Ah, may some waggon crush him on the way
And on his carrion corpse the vultures prey,
Or let him feed the monsters of the deep
While I prepare my offered vows to keep !
Then will he never taste the lips I knew
Or feel the arms that she around me threw,
But to rash youths by death the danger prove
Of interfering with a poet's love.

Dear Julia, you might have ever reigned
Queen of my verse, and to the end remained
My only love, and found me faithful still,
Prepared each wish, each order to fulfil.
But now, because with other fires you glow,
Or else, methinks, because Fate wills it so,

Ah, poteras, lux, ah poteras ius dicere nobis
  Oreque formoso regia verba loqui
Inque meo versu sublimia regna tenere
  Prima fidis nostrae gloria, serus honos. . . .
Quam bene priscorum currebat vita parentum
  Ingenuae Veneris libera sacra colens.
Nondum coniugii nomen servile patebat
  Nec fuerat divis adnumeratus Hymen.
Passim communes exercebantur amores
  Omnibus, et proprii nescius orbis erat.
Ense maritali nemo confossus adulter
  Purpureo Stygias sanguine tinxit aquas.
Anxia non tenuit custodis cura puellam ;
  Nulla erat invisis clausa domas foribus. . . .
Interea qui falce meas invadere messes
  Ausus es ut voto iam potiare tuo,
Assiduis versuta dolis te rideat illa
  Nec tibi componat se faciemque suam.

Poor darling, to the altar you'll be led
And then be forced into a stranger's bed.
Two little words once said will seal your fate
And make you member of the servile state.

How happy was our life in days gone by
When Hymen ranked not as divinity,
When chains of married wedlock were unknown
And women freely gave what was their own.
To take their pleasure every one was free,
And no man said " This dame belongs to me."
Girls were not kept indoors with anxious care
Lest any youth with them delight should share ;
Nor were swords drawn to shed a lover's blood
Because some injured lord thought vengeance good.

And now one word for him who in my field
Would reap, and force you in his arms to yield.
Pay him no heed, my darling ; at him mock
And make the knave a common laughing-stock.

Sed iuvenum gregibus studeat formosa videri :
  Sic miser et nulli commiserandus eris.
Quippe nec indignum fecisse putabitur ulli
  Si fugit amplexus bella puella tuos . . . .
Hunc spectare potes ? Corpus potes illud amare,
  Iulia ? Sed capitur, dicis, amore mei.
Non ardenter amat, et amat non dignus amari
  Et sunt mille alii quos tua forma rapit.
Iamque diem video properantem cum tuus illi
  Et gravis aspectus et grave nomen erit.
Iulia, tum lentas producens frigida noctes
  Optabis nostras in tua colla manus.
Iulia, non veniam : veniet querulumque subibit
  Ille peregrino lassus amore torum :
Et tecum, mea lux, meliori digna cubili,
  Vallatus densa veste iacebit iners.
Tunc potes aeternis hoc unum poscere votis,
  Ut properent longas fata tibi tenebras.

Display your charms abroad to all the city,
But let him sigh in vain : he'll get no pity.
Nay, every man will think it only right
For one so fair to abhor so foul a sight ;
For how, my Julia, could you e'er behold
That face, or in your arms that body hold ?

You say " He loves me." But do you love him ?
And are you sure 'tis not a passing whim.
A thousand love you : he has never earned
Your love, for he with love has never burned.
The day approaches when he'll turn away
From your embrace and to you answer nay.
Then will you lie forsaken, cold as stone,
And long to feel my arms about you thrown.
But I shall not be there : he in my stead
Will come exhausted from another's bed,
And wrapped in woollen gown the long night through
Will lifeless stay nor husband's duty do.
Then you will pray the gods to send you death
And let you pass to the dark shades beneath.

ELEGIA I

viii

Ergo dies venit, qua te formosa mariti
  Dedet in aeternum Iulia servitium,
Qua nostras alio cogar deducere flammas,
  Qua delenda animo est illa adamata mihi
Quantum nulla fuit, quantum nec amabitur ulla,
  Seu me vita brevis, seu diuturna manet.
Iamque peregrinae committit foedera dextrae,
  Foedera quae divi iam violare volunt.
Mox dapibus levibusque dies peragenda choreis
  Et sine me tota est : tota sit atra, precor.
Phoebe, coloratum, si te bene credimus olim
  Esse sacris patrem vatibus, abde caput.

Julia's Wedding

The day has come when Julia subsides
Into the ranks of husband-ridden brides.
Now must I to another flame depart
And blot her darling image from my heart ;
She whom I loved as I shall ne'er again
Love any maid while I on earth remain.
Now to a stranger her fair hand she plights
And gives another man a lover's rights,
While heaven frowns and gladly would consent
To see him bear a cuckold's punishment.

Therefore I pray the gods that they may send
To this accursed day a gloomy end.
May song and dance be overcast with care
And that rich feast wherein I have no share.
O Phoebus, if we poets think aright
We are thy children, veil the sun's glad light.

At tu tela manu iaculare corusca rubenti,
  Iupiter : hac sola luce sit alba dies.
Tuque, Iovis coniunx, quantum conubia cures
  Talia demissis imbribus ipsa doce.
Fallimur, an certe condit sua Cynthius ora ?
  Condit : et obscura nocte teguntur agri.
Praecipitantur aquae ; mare pendet in aëre densum ;
  Ignibus excussis dissiluere poli.

Send forth thy lightning, Jupiter, on high
And let its blaze alone illume the sky,
While with fierce storms of rain thy Juno shows
How little she such marriages allows.

See, am I wrong, or has the sun gone out ?
Yes, yes indeed. 'Tis darkness all about.
The air is thick with rain in fury driven
And with loud thunder-claps the sky is riven.

ELEGIA I

x

Ite procul maestum lacrimae genus, ite querelae,
  Et comes aligeri cura vigil pueri.
Cinge triumphantes victrici fronde capillos,
  Laurea Phoebeae grata corona comae.
Misit in amplexus illam Venus aurea nostros,
  Prima mihi quae fax, quae mihi serus amor.
Non fora, non portus, non iam populosa theatra,
  Templaque sunt nostris conscia blanditiis.
Mater abest, digitis legem quae ponat et ori,
  Et cogat tremulo murmure pauca loqui,
Osculaque avidulis non continuanda labellis
  Carpere, quae iuret barbara quisquis amat ;
Et celare faces, et amici obtexere nomen,
  Multaque quae sollers fingere discit amor.
Sola iacet mecum semoto Iulia lecto ;
  Sola tamen solos non sinit esse Venus
Et puer, unanimes comitatus in omnia vitas,
  Certus et exanimes, certus et ossa sequi.

Meeting in Dreamland

Begone ye tears, begone ye sleepless nights,
Begone ye pains that poison love's delights !
Let laurel wreaths proclaim the victory won,
Such triumph crowns as Phoebus loves to don.
Fair Venus to my arms has brought the dove
Who was my first and shall be my last love.

To-day we do not in the theatre meet,
Nor in a church nor in the crowded street,
But safe indoors ; and mother is away,
So no one will prevent our amorous play.
She'll not lay down the law for lips and fingers
And bid us to eschew the kiss that lingers
Moist on the mouth, and our true thoughts conceal
Feigning a coolness that we do not feel.
We shall be all alone ; and well we know
That lovers are not lonely even so,
For Venus and her son on them attend
And will be with them even to the end.

Forte vident et nos, qui spectant omnia, divi,
Deliciis nostris invidiosa cohors.
Di precor, O nostris ne lusibus invideatis :
Non ego nunc vestris lusibus invideo.
Iulia, te teneo : teneant sua gaudia divi.
Te teneo, mea lux ; lux mea, te teneo.
Iulia te teneo ; superi teneatis Olympum.
Quid loquor, an vere, Iulia, te teneo ?
Dormione, an vigilo ? Vera haec, an somnia sunt haec ?
Somnia seu, seu sunt vera, fruamur age.
Somnia si sunt haec, durent haec somnia longum,
Nec vigilem faciat me, precor, ulla dies.
Et quicunque meo pones vestigia tecto,
Parce pedum strepitu, comprime vocis iter.
Sic tibi non unquam rumpant insomnia galli,
Tardaque productae tempora noctis eant ;
Plurima cum rubris tibi gemma legetur ab undis
Pactolique domus tota liquore fluet.

It may be that the gods, who all things see,
Will look on us, and look with jealousy.
I pray you, gods, grudge not the fleeting hours
Of our delight, no more than we grudge yours.
Keep all your joys, if Julia is mine,
Is mine, my sweet, my sweet is mine, is mine.
While Julia's with me, reign in heaven above
And let me taste the sweets of earthly love.

But yet I wonder. Is it Julia here
Or but some vision sent my soul to cheer ?
Well, if I dream, then let me still dream on
And never wake to find that vision gone.
Hush, hush, ye passers-by ; and make no noise,
Speak not a word lest you disturb our joys.
Then may your nights be long with quiet sleep
And no loud cock a restless vigil keep.
May Red Sea pearls upon your dwelling shower
And Pactolus his golden sands outpour.

ELEGIA II

ii

Tempore cur dicto cessas, Venerilla, venire ?
  Ecce tibi torus est, ecce parata Venus,
Qualem Tyndaridi spatiosa per aequora raptae
  Tutus in Iliaca solvit adulter humo.
Ipsa Venus violis et puniceis amaranthis
  Et totum Cyprio sparsit odore torum.
Ipse torum face lustravit flammante Cupido,
  Transiliens agili candida fulctra pede.
Quid cessas, formosa ? Tuum sic ludis amantem ?
  An magis exiguo tempore discrucias
Obsequio ut meliore moram lasciva repenses,
  Dilatusque avida mente bibatur amor ?
Ah nimium mihi tarda, et tarda tardior hora,
  Quam male dinumeras tempora quae numero !
Sed cur dinumeres, cum malis fallere amantem ?
  Forsitan haec aliis hora parata fuit.

Expectation

Come, Venerilla, come to bed.
It waits for you with sheets outspread,
A nest of love, such as at Troy
Paris with Helen did enjoy.
Venus perfumes its curtains, wet
With amaranth and violet,
And Cupid's torch swung swift about
Has put all evil things to rout.
Why linger then, unless you wish
To add a savour to love's dish,
And would enhance our wonted rite
By sharpening my appetite ?

The hour is late, you'll later be :
Your clock with mine does not agree.
Although, perhaps, you always meant
To cheat me, and of set intent,

Dumque ego blanditiasque tuas et roscida mente
Oscula praecipio, multiplicesque vices,
Dum vacuum falsis complexibus aëra capto,
Dum mea in absentes porrigo colla manus,
Et quemcunque movet strepitum levis aura per aedes
Dilectos dominae suspicor esse pedes,
Demulces alium tepido periura cubili,
Cum quo disperdas gaudia pacta mihi.
Forsitan et de me teneros motura cachinnos
Miscetur vestris fabula nequitiis.
Hei, quid in immeritam tam turpia crimina fingo ?
Credo equidem, faciles iam movet illa gradus,
Iamque pedem thalamis ponet cultissima nostris.
Fallor, an in nostro limine latrat Hylax ?

While I am waiting here for you,
Are at another rendezvous.
While I your kisses sweet recall
And ways of love that never pall,
While I embrace the empty air
And fancy it the absent fair,
While every echo in the street
I think to be my lady's feet,
Perchance you're in another's bed
Giving yourself to him instead,
And even, to increase the zest,
Make of my love a mock and jest.

But no. I'm wrong to blame her. Hark!
She's at the door. That's Growler's bark.
She'll soon be mine. I need not fear.
She's coming now. She's here. She's here.

ELEGIA II

iii

Flammeolis, mea lux, oculis cum cuncta peruras,
Frigidius Scythica cur nive pectus habes ?
An malus ille puer, terror matrique Iovique,
Quod tam formosa es laedere te metuit ?
Non metuit certe ; tales amat ille triumphos
Et formosarum volnere semper ovat.
Lumina sed radiis tua non cedentia Phoebi
Idalias hebetant discutiuntque faces.
Ille dolet ; rubor ora calens puerilia signat ;
Vix, o vix lacrimas lumina torva tenent.
Lente puer, matrique pudor rediture dolenti,
Mitte facem : iaculis haec tibi praeda venit.

Cupid's Torch Rekindled

When Lydia's eyes set all the world aglow,
Why is her heart more cold than Scythian snow ?
Is the pert boy who frightens mighty Jove
Afraid to vex so fair a maid with love ?
Nay, surely not ; such triumphs please him best,
It is his pride to pierce a tender breast.
Those orbs, 'tis true, that put the sun's light out
Dim his faint torches and their burning flout.
Poor Cupid scarce can check his childish tears
And on his cheeks an angry blush appears.
Come, little sluggard, use your darts instead,
Or else return in shame to Venus' bed.

Aut si formosum non vis transfigere pectus,
  Candida ne livor membra cruorve notet,
Extinctas faculas dominae sub lumina mitte,
  Illa iterum flammas quas rapuere dabunt.
Mox ubi languidulam carpet nocturna quietem,
  Clauserit atque illi sidus utrumque sopor,
Ignaram totis furtim succende medullis,
  Hauriat et longum corde tepente malum.
At tibi, si monitis veniet victoria nostris,
  Sancte puer, vatem mitius ure tuum.

Perchance to spare that bosom you are fain,
Nor would with blood its milky whiteness stain.
Well, set your vanquished brand to her bright eyes
And from their depths new seeds of fire will rise.
Then in the night, when she is fast asleep,
And those twin stars are closed in slumber deep,
Put to her careless breast your stealthy flame
And with its burning breath her cold heart tame.

But if you win, have mercy on your poet,
Who showed you, sir, the proper way to do it.

ELEGIA II

iv

Cara meum gelida feriit nive Lydia pectus :
  Dicebam " flammis haec, puto, tela carent."
Nec caruere tamen ; sub aqua latuere favillae,
  Flammaque per venas stillat aquosa meas.
Hei mihi, securi qua declinabimus ignem,
  Frigore duratas si metuemus aquas ?
Frigore fax nata est, tolletur frigore nullo ;
  Sperandum simili de face frigus erit.
Sume pares ignes, miserumque levabis amorem.
  Lydia, frigoribus semper acerba noces.

Fire and Ice

My Lydia hit me with a ball of snow
And straight my heart with fire began to glow.
'Twas strange a conflagration thus should start
Where frozen water played the leading part ;
But so it was. How can I live at ease,
When I am trapped by perils such as these ?
And what is more, no cold this fire can tame ;
It must be vanquished by an equal flame.
A mutual warmth will my salvation be ;
So come, dear Lydia, come ; and burn with me.

ELEGIA II

ix

Somne, tenebrosae necis ignavissime frater,
  Et tantum vanis dulcis imaginibus,
Parce meae dominae natitantes claudere ocellos,
  Noctis promissae dum brevis hora fluit.
Pacta mihi est, non, somne, tibi. Cur, improbe, pennis
  Subrepens tacitis in bona nostra volas ?
Desine, si pudor est, onerare amplexibus atris
  Membra Pyrenaea candidiora nive. . . .
Ipsa negat tibi se, cubitoque innixa supino
  Erigitur, nostrum labitur inque sinum.
Sed rursum nitidos oculos devicta remittit
  Fractaque anhelantes vox cadit in gemitus.
Quid faciam, mea lux ? Quo te medicamine tangam
  Ut sopor iste tuo defluat ex animo. . . .
Tu mecum longa ludas—licet—o mea, nocte,
  Et mecum longa deliciosa die,

The Sleeping Beauty

Thou art Death's brother, Sleep : from thee we gain
  No joy save empty dreams where joy is vain.
Avaunt, I say : close not my lady's eyes :
  This is my hour, and swift each moment flies.
Why silent creep to snatch my prize away ?
  To-night she's mine and may not own thy sway.
Begone, for shame ; nor with thy dark caress
  Weigh down her bosom's snow-white loveliness.
She strives against thee, and with elbow pressed
  Against the pillow falls upon my breast,
And while her eyelids close and languid grow,
  She sighs in broken murmurs soft and low.
What shall I do, my sweet ? What potion take
  To banish slumber and your senses wake ?
Were you for all one night and all one day
  To sport with me, dear wanton—and you may—

Inclinata sopor nunquam mea lumina solvet.
Qui dormit, secum non habet ille suam.
O nunc, o vigiles ; illud ne protinus addam :
Quae dormit, secum non habet illa suum.
Hoc non admittes in te, dulcissima, crimen :
Somnus iucundis iam fluet ex oculis.
En ! niveo lapsos formavit pollice crines,
Lumina permulsit semireclusa manu,
Et mihi basiolum strinxit trepidante labello
Quale viro in somnis nulla puella tulit.
Iam dormisse decet, iam te formosior ipsa es,
Mollior ex oculis iam tibi flamma venit. . . .
Nunc licet intonsi veniat sub imagine Phoebi
Somnus, Atlantiadis vel gerat ora dei ;
Spernet Apollineos prae me Venerilla capillos,
Mercuriique genas, Mercuriique lyram.

My eyes will never close but wakeful keep.
He has no girl, who spends his night in sleep.
Wake then, or these same words I shall employ
To you : the girl who sleeps, she has no boy.
That charge, my sweet, you never will allow,
And from your eyes the mists of sleep will throw.
See, see ! Already she smoothes back her hair
And rubs her opening eyes, my sweetheart fair ;
And with swift kisses joins her lips to mine,
Such kisses as no sleeper could divine.
By slumber graced more lovely still she seems
And in her eyes a softer radiance gleams.
Were Sleep the shape of Phoebus to put on,
Or come to her this night as Maia's son,
My Venerilla Phoebus' locks would spurn,
And from fair Mercury to me would turn.

ELEGIA III

xi

Arragonum montes, excoctaque gypsa calore,
  Arvaque nec Baccho cognita nec Cereri,
Nullus ubi trepidantis aquae confinia circum
  Frigerat humidulo gramine caespes humum,
Aura ubi Phoebeas contra flans irrita flammas
  Ipsa calet, motas conduplicatque faces,
Rara comis ubi luxuriat frondentibus arbor,
  Rara stat artifici marmore fulta domus,
Sed miser excisis in rupibus incola vivit,
  Et crescit toto nil nisi spina solo,
Et paucae ficus, et non hic grata Minervae
  Arida liventi languet oliva coma.

The Exile's Lament

Ye sun-baked hills of Arragon
  Where nothing ever grows,
Nor any turf beside a stream
  Its verdant moisture shows ;
Even your breezes blow in vain
And do but burn the air again.

No trees in this unhappy land
  Give shade with foliage green ;
The people live in dens and caves,
  No houses here are seen.
Olives and figs just keep alive,
Thorns are the only crops that thrive.

Quando erit ut vestris liber de finibus arva
Et tua flava, Ceres, et tua, Bacche, petam ?
Multus ubi trepidantis aquae confinia circum
Frigerat humidulo gramine caespes humum,
Aura ubi Phoebeos mitissima temperat ignes
Demulcens flabris aëra frigidulis,
Densa comis ubi luxuriat frondentibus arbor,
Multa stat artifici marmore fulta domus.
Tunc ego procumbens myrti genialis in umbra,
Calculus argutas qua strepit inter aquas,
Carmen diva tibi gratus Fortuna dicabo,
Quod trahat agricolas ad loca blanda deos.

O when shall I escape and see
  A field of corn once more ?
Or lie beside a babbling brook
  In coolness as of yore,
'Mid trees that spreading branches own
And decent dwellings built of stone ?

Ah, happy day when I shall feel
  A cold wind on my face
And watch a stream on stony bed
  Through myrtle bushes race !
Then to the country gods I'll bring
My grateful songs as offering.

ODAE ET EPIGRAMMATA
OCCASIONAL POEMS

ODE V

Ad Hadrianum Goesium

Ergo, dulcis amicule,
  Nobis tam cito te subtrahis et vagis
Finem ponis amoribus ?
  Et te sponte tua brachia mollibus
Subdens libera vinculis
  Captivis hominum coetibus inseris,
Sortem servitii gravem et
  Passurus dominae sceptra puellulae ?
Visurus tamen interim
  Natos, legitimae praemia Cypridis,
Natos, certa levamina
  Curarum et socii pignora lectuli.
Quos qui tollere negligit
  Dans infrugiferis semina vepribus,
Ignavus moritur senex
  Indignusque cui contigerit parens.

To Adrian, on the Announcement of his Marriage

And so, my friend, you mean to go
  And leave our joyous band,
And never more of free love know;
  Putting yourself the hand,
That was unfettered, in the gyves
That men must wear when they have wives;
Obedient to a woman's nod,
And brought perforce to kiss the rod.

'Tis true that children will be yours
  To bless your lawful flame,
A solace in your anxious hours
  And pledges of your fame.
You will not have to cast your seed
On barren ground, and when you need
Supporters in your old age find
That you—O shame—leave none behind.

Ergo, spernere si potes
  Curas, maestitias, vincula, carcerem,
Dum castus tibi sit torus
  Et gignas aliquid quod tibi succinat
Nomen dulce parentibus,
  Aula quodque tua lusitet, et patris
Observantibus atria
  Monstret ora sui certa clientibus ;
I quo te impetus impotens,
  I quo magnus Hymen te vocat et potens
Dextra teligera puer.
  At nos interea, quando relinquimur
Abs te, cum reliquis tamen,
  Quos non ista tenent iura, sodalibus,
Donec canities abest
  Carpamus Veneris gaudia liberae.

Perchance you'll think your prison light,
  And easy find your chains ;
Nor e'er complain of fortune's spite,
  While chaste your wife remains
And bears you little ones withal
To sport in your ancestral hall,
Showing your clients plain to trace
The image of their father's face.

Go, then, where Love and Hymen call,
  And to your passion yield ;
But I, whatever may befall,
  Prefer the open field.
No prison shall my heart contain,
And with the rest who still remain,
Till old age comes, I'll freely pluck
The joys of Love, and wish you luck.

ODE VIII

Ad Francisci Amores

Francisci teneris digna caloribus,
Isabella, meae proxima Iuliae,
Quocunque orbe moraris,
Fido in pectore stas tamen :

E quo nec rapiet te rota temporum,
Nec diversa tuis tot loca moenibus.
Heu, quantum tamen hinc est
Inter Lovanium soli !

Haerent luminibus lumina mollia,
Arguta et tacitis subdola nutibus ;
Haerent atque revinctum
Quem cepere semel tenent.

Haerent auriculis verba sonantia
Quae possunt superos flectere, quae deum
Qui servat loca taetra
Nulli pervia lumini.

To Isabella

Dear Isabella, next in grace
To Julia's self, whatever place
Holds you to-day, be sure you are
Your Frank's beloved guiding star.

No lapse of time shall part you ever,
No distance your two true hearts sever,
Though now, alas, he must remain
Alone while you are in Louvain.

His eyes your glancing eyes still see,
Sparkling so bright in merry glee,
And, clinging to that vision still,
Are bound as prisoners to your will.

He hears the music of your voice
That makes the gods in heaven rejoice,
And Pluto in his nether home
Where neither hope nor light can come.

Ad quae cum tenuem efflatus in aëra
Francisci gelidus spiritus iverit,
  Una voce suävi
  Dilectae dominae suae,

Quam terrae tumulis obrutus audiet,
Quam tota excipiet regia nigricans,
  Uno murmure dulci
  In vitam revocabitur.

O felix facibus forma potentibus !
Fas florere meis te quoque versibus,
  Dum fletus puer ales
  Et suspiria nesciet.

If ever to that final bourne
Frank's spirit go, 'twill quick return :
For your sweet voice will reach beneath
And call him to you back from death.

Though deep below the earth he lie,
Through those dark halls your loving cry
Will echo loud, and he, awake,
Swift will return for your dear sake.

O happy maid, in beauty strong,
Accept the tribute of my song.
And may your love for ever be
From sorrow and misfortune free.

ODE X

Ad Amorem

Ergone vitae quod superest meae
Suspiriosis liber amoribus
  Degam, nec in venis calebit
    Ille meis deus, ut solebat ?

Iam iam remissi paenitet otii,
Iam iam proterva spicula dextera
  In pectus hoc, inerme pectus,
    Sparge, puer, resonante nervo.

Vivamque rixas inter et oscula,
Interque risus et lacrimas graves,
  Spemque et metum, vitam necemque,
    Tempora floridulae iuventae.

On Recovery from Sickness

And must I then for what remains of life
Live without love ?
And must I then no more in amorous strife
My weapon move ?
Nay, nay ; to Cupid loud I cry,
On me again your torches try,
Your arrows prove.

I want not rest at such a price as this,
Nor for peace strive.
Love's tears and smiles, love's sorrow and love's bliss
Let youth still give.
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt hopes and fears,
I'll pass my days for these few years
I have to live.

ODE XI

In Choreas

Curru Diones vectus eburneo
Vidi modo hic iam nescio quo loco
  Calente cursitare mixtas
    Cum iuvenum serie puellas.

Una inter omnes florida virgines
Terram tenello sollicitans pede
  Versabat in gyrum sequaces
    Secum oculos animosque turbae.

Ut rubra puro lacte natans rosa,
Serpebat albas purpura per genas ;
  Frons crine flavo fulgurabat,
    Fulvo ut ebur variatur auro.

Sic illa membris laeta volantibus
Producta cari nunc iuvenis manu
  Circum ibat, intactamque sensim
    Nabat humum trepidante planta ;

The Dancer

Borne in Dione's ivory car
Above the earth, I saw afar
Youths dancing in a mirthful band
With rosy maidens hand in hand.

One tender virgin beat the ground
With rhythmic step and circling round
In changing movements of the dance
Drew to her every thought and glance.

Would'st match the colour of her cheek ?
Then milk with roses mingled seek ;
The image of her brow behold ?
Take snow-white ivory framed in gold.

Now with a youthful arm to guide
Her flying feet she swift would glide :
Now disengaged she floated free
Dancing in single liberty.

Nunc sola, gratis libera nexibus,
Errabat huc vibrans oculos et huc,
  Lusuque mobilis protervo
  Huncque petebat et hunc et illum.

Beata, dixi, terra ! Vel hos pedes
Tu, bruta, senti vel mihi fac locum,
  Seque illa per pectusque nostrum
    Per faciemque oculosque volvat.

And as she wove her magic maze,
At this and that one she would gaze
With looks of invitation coy,
Alluring each to share her joy.

" Oh senseless earth, how is it meet
For you," I cried, " to touch her feet ?
To me resign so fair a prize
And let her charm my heart and eyes."

Ad Carolum Catsium

Ianus ancipiti vetustus ore,
Labentis tacite novator anni,
Adest, Carole. Quid moramur ? Eia,
Vivamus neque creduli futuris
Carpamus spatium volantis anni.
Sic, o sic tua cuncta Di Deaeque
Fortunent, seriesque tota caeli
Sit patrona tuis amica votis :
In primis dea quae creata ponto
Undosos animis movet tumultus,
Et nunquam vacua gravis pharetra
Et semper vigili timendus igne
Lascivae comes aliger parenti ;
Sint mites tibi, prosperentque molles
Quas dabunt tibi, vel dedere, flammas.
Multis basiolis fruaris, et te
Amantem sibi quaeque quaerat et se
Substernat tibi laeta mollicellis
Formosissima quaeque de puellis.

To Charles, his Friend : a New Year's Greeting

Now Janus with his double face
Brings in another year of grace ;
So let us take advantage of it
And try to win a present profit
From life and youth, while yet we may,
Before we too in turn decay.
The best of wishes to you, friend,
And may the gods in heaven send
Their favours on you ; most of all
She on whom eager lovers call
Born from the foam, and her winged son
Whose task on earth is never done,
With flaming torch and bended bow
Resolved no mercy to allow.
May both the twain to you be kind
And send a damsel to your mind,
A tender wench, all rosy red,
Who will admit you to her bed,

Nec poscat neque gratiam nec aera
Nec rubri spolium maris nec aurum,
Sed caris magis ipse sis vel aere
Vel rubri spolio maris vel auro.

In amantes se basiantes in aede sacra

State cum pulchris iuvenes puellis,
Iungite et dextras, neque templa nec vos
Ara divellat veneranda divom.
Quin inauratae temerentur arae
Aureo pro basiolo puellae.
Laedit et magno hic pudor est pudori.

And give you kisses sweet as honey,
Nor ever ask for gifts or money,
But love you for your own dear self
Without one thought of sordid pelf.

The better the place

Lasses and lads, be not afraid,
Though in a church your tryst you've made.
Clasp hand in hand before the altar,
Nor let God's presence make you falter.
'Twere shame if shame should stop a kiss,
Even in such a place as this.

Ad Hieronymum Suritam

Si te ruris opes iuvant beati,
Si te liberioris aura caeli
Salubris iuvat, arborumque fetu
Distinctus viror omnium colorum ;
Si lenis tremula quies in umbra
Qua fagus patulis comata ramis
Laurusque innuba populusque pallens
Confringit rabiem Leonis usti ;
Qua centum querulae strepunt volucres,
Qua stringit virides amoena ripas
Cristalloque liquente serpit unda :
Haec te si recreant, amice dulcis,
Nec cenare poeticis patellis
Lactucasque times cucurbitasque,
Huc ad nos propera, ferasque tecum
Totum quidquid habes facetiarum
Et quidquid salis atque risionis
Triginta solidis diebus absens
Servasti accumulans tuo Secundo.

My Tutor : an Undergraduate's Letter

Dear Jerry, would you care to come
And see me in my country home ?
The air is fresh, the sky serene,
The trees are decked in summer's green,
And underneath their shade we'll lie
And watch the sunny hours go by.
A myriad birds in every vale
Are rivals to the nightingale ;
And silvery brooklets murmur low
As past their grassy banks they flow.
Does the description please ? Then try it :
That is, if you can stand a diet
Of lettuces and garden stuff
Which is for poets quite enough.
I have been down a month or more,
And so I know you'll have a store
Of quips and jokes and tales to tell ;
Come quick, and I will do you well.

Sed te per Genium tuum meosque
Per Faunos Dryadesque per puellas,
Nec de grammaticis, amice, quemquam
Adducas precor huc : molesta gens est,
Nec ridere mihi liceret illos,
Ut mos est meus, omnibus cachinnis.
Nam quidam mihi rettulit poeta
Notae grammaticum severitatis
Noctes atque dies dolenter angi,
Quod nec grammaticum vocare doctum
Nec se grammaticam vocare doctam
In libri titulo sui venusti
Possit, cum generis sit ipse neutri.
Cui vates meus, ut gravi labore
Iam tandem miserum senem levaret,
" Secure, pater," inquit, " eloqueris,
Si te grammaticosque masculinos
Tecum grammatiscosque femininos
Communesque simul simulque neutros
Omnes grammaticum pecus vocabis."

But, by my Fauns and Dryads, pray
Don't bring my tutor out this way,
Or any other sort of don :
He spoils whatever fun is on.
Lord, what a fool ! Last time I paid
My usual duty call, he said :
" Dear, dear ! I really feel quite ill.
I've got this census form to fill,
And its directions, as you see,
Say you must male or female be.
There are but two divisions : either
You're man or woman. I am neither.
They should provide for eunuchs too.
What do you think I ought to do ? "

To that I answered : " I suggest
That this description will be best :
Your gender, most respected tutor,
Is, as you say, most clearly neuter.
Why not display your usual wit,
And call yourself ' Tutorial It ' ? "

In passerem Glyceres

Hostilis passer felis raptatus ab ore
  Languit exiguam deposuitque animam,
Quem postquam Glycere illacrimans fovitque papillis
  Frigidulum et tepido rore rigavit amans,
Palpitat, et teneros reptat nova vita per artus,
  Moxque vagus rosea prosilit e latebra,
Et fugit aërias non observatus in auras :
  Illa dolet, gemitus et ciet ore graves,
Guttaque per nitidas distillat vitrea malas,
  Distinctum gemmis quale renidet ebur.
Ingrate heu nimium passer, qui deseris illam
  Quicquid habes animae munere cuius habes.
Dissimilem O sortem ! Te, lux mea te sequor unam,
  Cum toties dulci me spolies anima.

Glycera and her Sparrow

A sparrow that some cruel cat had torn
My Glycera found : but though to safety borne
It languished, till she took it to her breast
And with soft tears bedewed that fragrant nest.
There it revives : its wings begin to beat,
And swift it flies from out its warm retreat
With none to check it, while my dear one cries
To see it soaring heedless to the skies,
And down her cheeks the tears begin to flow
Like diamonds that on gleaming ivory show.
Ungrateful bird, a traitor thus to prove
To her who brought you back to life by love !
Unlike my fate ! To her I ever fly,
But 'tis her will that I by love should die.

In alium passerem Glyceres

Improba de dominae gremio dum provolat ales
Corripitur dominae comprimiturque manu.
Illa quidem moritur, sed sic iuvat ire sub umbras :
Saepe mori simili non nece posse dolet.
Hoc bene scit Glycere formae sibi conscia tantae
Inque sinu tepido callida condit avem.
Nec mora ; visa movere suas, et moverat, alas
Atque iterum dominam pessima deseruit :
Illa manu celerem sequitur ; cupit illa teneri,
Et manibus rursum virginis immoritur.
Invidi infelix tam dulcia fata volucri
Optavique isdem posse mori manibus.
Illa negat : sortem O miseram ! Cur, impia, cur nam
Cui vitam renuis renuis interitum ?

Glycera's dead Pet

The silly bird that left its lady's breast
Was caught, and in her careless fingers pressed
Came to its end, yet had no thought of pain
And rather wished to meet such death again.

But Glycera the power of beauty knows,
And to her snowy bosom she allows
The bird to come : the warmth new vigour brings.
It seems to move ; yes, now it moves its wings !

And once was not enough. It flies away
A second time, nor will in safety stay.
Again 'tis caught ; for such was its intent,
In that dear hand to perish quite content.

I grudged the bird its fortune, and I prayed
That on me too her hands might thus be laid.
But she said " No." O cruel, that denies
A happy death to one who for you dies.

Amorem esse immedicabilem

Artifices herbae sanant genus omne malorum :
Solus Amor medicam spernit et horret opem.

Arcessit medicas curas quodcunque malorum est :
Ipse sibi nutrit volnus acerbus Amor.

Cum gemina sanetur ope quodcunque malorum,
Solus Amor carmenque sacrum contemnit et herbas.

Ad matronam quandam

Mitibus obsequiis animos compesce feroces ;
Tristis in iratos non habet ira locum.
Libera quae ripis diductis unda vagatur
Tranquillum tacito tramite radit iter ;
Haec eadem fines si constringatur in arctos
Praecipites rauco murmure rumpit aquas.

Three Epigrams on Love

There is a cure for every other ill :
'Tis love alone that scorns the doctor's skill.

For other ills a healing hand is found :
Love first inflicts and then inflames the wound.

Oft times it haps when men are torn with pain
A potion or a charm will bring salvation.
Not so in love : with Cupid both are vain ;
He laughs alike at drug and incantation.

To a stern Matron

A bland consent the fiercest hearts will tame ;
But angry men resist an angry dame.
The stream that runs unchecked in channel wide,
Pursues its course with clear and tranquil tide :
But if 'tis forced into a narrow path,
The seething waters fret in sullen wrath.

In Puellas Biturigenses

Hei mihi, formosas isto qui quaerit in orbe
Crescentem segetem quaerit in Oceano.
Forte duae vel tres magna visuntur in urbe
Nobile deformes quas decus esse vetat ;
His adjunge decem quas non contemnere possis,
Cetera monstrorum nomine turba venit.
His tamen accumbunt invenes, dignaeque videntur
Cum quibus extensa proelia nocte gerant.
Illos posse putem rabidae concumbere tigri,
Inque cruentatas turpiter ire lupas.

The Ladies of Bourges

The ladies of Bourges are a very poor crowd,
  And beauty is rare in this city :
There are just two or three of them—that is allowed—
  Who can fairly be reckoned as pretty,
And ten more of whom you can hardly complain ;
The others are really portentously plain.

And yet the young sparks of the town are content,
  And do not find fault with their features,
Nor seem to regard it a hard punishment
  To spend a long night with such creatures.
For myself, I'd as soon to a tigress be led
For her partner, or take a she-wolf to my bed.

In Charinum

Nuper, Charine, coniugem
Vidi tuam, tam candidam,
Tam lacteam, tam floridam,
Cultam, modestam, blandulam,
Ut si mihi tales bonus
Concesserit tres Iupiter,
Diti daturus sim duas,
Auferret ut superstitem.

Tria Mala

Quae mala sint hominum rebus tria maxima scire
Quaeris ? Habe paucis : femina, flamma, fretum.

In Lycoridem

Mitte peregrinis opplere coloribus ora.
Nudus Amor nudae munera frontis amat.

To the Husband of an ugly Wife

The other morning I espied
By happy chance your blooming bride,
So milky white, so fresh, so sweet,
So modest looking, and so neat.
I thought : " Should heaven send me as mine
Three such as her, I would consign
Two of the dames to Jove's dark brother
And risk it that he kept the other."

The Three Dangers

Would'st know men's greatest dangers ? They are three :
Woman the first, then fire, and then sea.

To a Lady who used Cosmetics

Seek not in borrowed hues your cheeks to dress,
Naked is Love, and loveth nakedness.

In Lycoridem

Sex faciem drachmis divendit Ibera Lycoris ;
  Iure quidem ; tanti venditur illa foro.
Si bene perpendas, tantum cupit illa rependi
  Quae facit in voltu damna protervus amans.
Vix libanda dedit summis sua labra labellis,
  Pars empti subito magna coloris abit,
Disceditque labris pictis rubicundus amator
  Et sibi lucenti plus placet in speculo.
At si quis positos turbavit fronte capillos,
  Fit cito crinitus qui modo calvus erat.
Forte senex paulo improbulus lascivit in ore,
  Dentibus efficitur ditior innumeris.
Callidus hanc Caius, tot ne dispendia formae
  Sic redimat, moecham mane fututor adit.

" *Fragile* "

Lycoris has been forced to raise her fee :
And there are reasons for it, you'll agree.
She has to spend the extra to replace
The damage done by lovers to her face.
Kiss her red mouth : the colour straight is gone
That cost at least five shillings to put on.
Touch the dark locks that stray across her brow :
You'll be all hair, you who were bald just now.
Insert your wanton tongue between her lips :
A set of teeth to enrich you from them slips
So if you're wise your visit you will pay
Before she has made her toilet for the day.

In Marullum et Varium

Marullus Variusque Septimillae
Donavere toga nova maritum.
Nunc ille ambulat huc et huc togatus,
Et transit fora, porticus, tabernas,
Vicos, balnea, fornices, popinas ;
Nec toto decies revisit anno
Relictam dominis domum novellis.
Securi modo saepe luce prima,
Securi modo saepe sole sero,
Securi medio die fruuntur
Marullus Variusque Septimilla.

The Foolish Husband

Tom and Dick were in love with the fair Mrs Brown,
So to get her old husband to roam about town
They gave him a suit of most superfine cut ;
And he swallowed the bait, the ridiculous mutt.
In that suit every day he goes swelling around
From morning to night : he can always be found
In some market or bath place or gay house, and stops
For hours at a time in the arcades and shops.
They have nothing to fear : Tom and Dick can both
come
At dawn or at mid-day ; he's never at home.
And young Mrs Brown 's quite content, it appears,
With the service she gets from her two cavaliers.

Ad grammaticos, cur scribat lascivius

Carmina cur spargam cunctis lasciva libellis
  Quaeritis ? Insulsos arceo grammaticos.
Fortia magnanimi canerem si Caesaris arma
  Factave divorum religiosa virum,
Quot miser exciperemque notas patererque lituras,
  Quot fierem teneris supplicium pueris !
At nunc uda mihi dictent cum basia carmen
  Pruriat et versu mentula multa meo,
Me legat innuptae iuvenis placiturus amicae
  Et placitura novo blanda puella viro.

To some Critics who found "Kisses" voluptuous

"Why introduce this wantonness in every book?"
you say.
The reason is it's done to keep the pedagogues away.
If of our Emperor's glorious deeds in verse I were to
sing,
Or to the famous men of old a poet's homage bring,
How they would love their pen and ink upon me to
employ,
And make my book a whipping-block for some
unhappy boy;
How they would hasten to explain what each thing
is about
And criticise their author's style and leave his best
bits out!
But as it is I'm only read by lovers who desire
To do their best to gratify each other's mutual fire,

Et quemcumque iuvat lepidorum de grege vatum
  Otia festivis ludere deliciis.
Lusibus at laetis procul hinc absistite, saevi
  Grammatici, iniustas et cohibete manus,
Ne puer ob molles caesus lacrimansque lepores
  Duram forte meis ossibus optet humum.

In Iovium

Tenduntur nervi, formosa quiescit in ulnis,
  Cypridis ad blandum sollicitatur opus ;
Nec persuadetur Iovius soletur ut illam.
  O nimium gelida religione virum !

And by those bards of merriment and mirth, who pleasure take
In songs of love and wantonness written for pleasure's sake.
Avaunt from me, you pedagogues, avaunt, I say, be gone.
Hands off, ye miscreants, hands off, and leave my books alone.
I write of love: no children shall be whipped for me, and cry—
"Dear Earth, upon this poet's bones, I pray you, heavy lie."

The good young Man

The lady lies within his arms,
Revealed in all her wanton charms;
She's ready; but alack!
Joseph has read in some good book
We should not on temptation look
And so he still holds back.

ELTHAM
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De libello Basiorum

Casta quod enervi cantamus basia libro
  Versibus eludit fusca Lycinna meis ;
Et me languiduli vatem vocat Aelia penis,
  Quae Venerem in triviis porticibusque locat.
Scilicet exspectant nostrum quoque noscere penem :
  Parcite, turpiculae ; mentula nulla mihi est.
Nec vobis canto nec vobis basia fingo.
  Ista legat teneri sponsa rudis pueri,
Ista tener sponsus nondum maturus ad arma
  Exercet variis quae Venus alma modis.

To some Ladies who found "Kisses" insipid.

Because of kisses chaste I sing, Lycinna's quite uncivil,
And cries: "This milk and water stuff is most appalling drivel";
While Aelia, who makes the street her place of assignation,
Declares: "Your precious poet has no powers of penetration."
The wantons! what they wish from me is what they will not get;
I don't intend to stand for them, and so they're in a pet.
My "Kisses" are not meant for them, but for a tender maid
And for her youthful lover, still of Venus half afraid,
Who in their innocence of heart before the bridal night
Shall read my book together, and in reading find delight.

In Gelliam

Cum mihi de variis traheretur sermo puellis
  Tecum, deque bonis, Gellia, deque malis,
Sic mihi tum memini te respondisse, supremum
  Et finem verbis imposuisse meis :—
" Illa sapit demum quae se putat insipientem :
  Desipit haec nimium quae sibi, Iane, sapit."
Hic ego : " Quid vero de te, mea Gellia, sentis ;
  An sapere an contra stulta videre tibi ? "
" Stulta," refers, " sum stulta mihi " : ridesque suäve,
  Scilicet officio quam bene functa tuo.
At cave ne, dum te sic stultam dicis, ut isto
  Te mihi prudentem testificere modo,
Gellia, captata frauderis laude, nec esse
  Prudens iudicio comperiare tuo.

In eandem

Gellia miraris cur auro vendat amorem ?
  Scilicet ut sit quo callida rursus emat.

Confidences

Last night we were talking of that girl and this,
Discussing the merits of each gallant miss.
" Now, Gellia," said I, " don't the truth from me hide.
Are you clever or stupid ? " Then Gellia replied :
" A girl who imagines herself to be clever
Is never so wise as she fancies, no, never.
For myself, I confess, I am just a poor silly
And am led like a lamb to the block, willy-nilly."
That is all very well : but I do not suppose,
Whatever might happen your wits you would lose.
You are not such a fool as you say, that is plain ;
And the praise that you wanted you cannot obtain.

On Gellia grown old

Why Gellia sells her favours would you know ?
She soon will need the cash to buy a beau.

In Gelliam

Si non est grave, si vacat,
Cur vendis Venerem, dic mihi, Gellia,
Cur vendis quod emas libens ?
At tu, si memini, saepe soles prius,
Cuius tantopere es modo
Parca et facta tenax, reddere saepius
Quibuscunque rogantibus.
Aut si nemo rogans, nemo volens erat,
Ipsam te memorant pias
Effudisse preces et iuvenum leves
Pellexisse animos tuum
In votum faciles : quisnam etenim neget
Oranti tibi, Gellia,
Quaeso, tam pia, tam dulcia, tam bona ?
At nunc, cum tibi languida
Voltum ruga secare incipit, et novas
Inspargit capiti nives
Aevi bruma rigens, nec modo dentibus
Os superbit eburneis,
Nec labris remanet qui fuerat decor,

The Prudent Wanton

Tell me, Gellia, tell me, pray,
Why you thus have changed your way.
Tell me why to sell you try
What you should be glad to buy.
Why so avaricious grown,
You who once through all the town
Favours freely would bestow
On all who wanted, high and low,
And if suitors failed to come
Yourself would ask some gallant home ?

Wrinkles now begin to show
Round your eyes, and winter's snow
Sprinkles your dark locks with white ;
Dull the teeth that gleamed so bright,
Pale the cheeks once rosy red
Slack your lips, their beauty fled.

Et fugit color ille qui
Tingebat niveas purpureus genas,
Cur nunc, cur subito Venus,
Quam nunc te deceat vel dare maxime,
Emptam quam vel oportuit,
Cur nunc illa tibi, cur, rogo, venditur ?
Non hoc, non tibi parcitas,
Quae pigro senio saepe comes venit,
Non, si te bene novimus,
Hoc suadet nova nunc, Gellia, castitas.
Sed, si coniciam sinis,
Divinabo equidem, sim licet ipse nec
Vates nec teneam sagax
Aut cantus volucrum fata canentium aut
Pennae praepetis omina,
Olim cum roseas prima iuventula
Pinxissetque genas tibi
Pinxissetque simul labra corallina
Nata ad dulcia basia
Atque instructa suis lumina spiculis

Why then is it that to-day,
What you now should give away
And add a little cash as well
You do not give but try to sell ?

'Tis not that age has made you chaste
And you would not money waste,
But if I may chance a guess—
Though no knowledge I profess
Of prophecy, nor can descry
Omens given in the sky—
'Tis that you have learned at last
When a woman's youth is past,
And her beauty once has gone,
The reign of love for her is done.

When your cheeks were like the rose
That in some close garden grows:
When your lips were coral sweet
For a lover's kisses meet;

Ornasset ciliis nigris,
Tum tu quas dederat pulchra Venus tibi
Dotes omnibus affluas
Gratis larga dabas, scilicet has tibi
Sperans perpetuas fore.
At postquam periit laeta iuventula
Et iam te in speculo videns
Formam longe aliam cernere cogeris
Et rugis faciem asperam,
Canosque ad speculum vellere limpidum
Invisos misera occipis ;
Tum demum gemis et te miseret tui,
Et lapsos virides male
Nulla fruge dies, Gellia devoves,
Et lucri in senium nihil
Quaesivisse dolet, paenitet, et pudet.
Ergo, dum licet et brevi
Comprendi numero canities potest
Et rugae numerabiles,
Nec dum laesa parum forma virentibus

When long lashes veiled your eyes
Hiding their dark brilliancies ;
Then you lavished beauty's treasure
And never thought of stint or measure,
Nor dreamed that it would soon grow less
And leave you lonely in distress.

Now when in your hand you take
Your mirror, and inspection make
Of the face that was so fair
You see the wrinkles gathering there,
And quickly turn the glass about
In haste to pluck the grey hairs out,
While you sigh and sore repent
Wasted years and time ill spent,
And know that you have want to fear,
That youth has flown and age draws near.

So while grey hairs still are few
And wrinkles scarce, we see that you,
When there's something still to offer
To lusty youths, no longer proffer

Plane spernitur a viris,
Iam mutas animum callida prodigum,
Et mirantibus omnibus
Aurum difficilis muneraque expetis.
Ut, postquam tremulo gradu
Deforme adfuerit mox senium tibi,
Et nemo fuerit tuis
Qui iunxisse labris oscula pallidis,
Mollem tangere qui sinum,
Qui corpus cupiat tangere mortuum,
Non desit tibi scilicet
Quo tum rursus emas quod modo venditur.

Your favours gratis, but require
Men to give you harlot's hire.
Lovers now must foot the bill,
For you wish your purse to fill,
That, when you're a worn out hag
With legs that shake and breasts that sag,
And no man willingly would press
His lips to yours in a caress,
You may have the gold you'll need
To pay some lad to do the deed.

EPITHALAMIUM

THE BRIDAL NIGHT

Epithalamium

Hora suavicula et voluptuosa,
Hora blanditiis, lepore, risu,
Hora deliciis, iocis, susurris,
Hora suaviolis, parique magnis
Cum dis et Iove transigenda sorte ;
Hora qua poterat beatiorem
Nec Cnidi dea sancta polliceri,
Nec qui cum pharetra pererrat orbem
Curis gaudia delicata miscens,
Penna splendidus aurea Cupido,
Magni pronuba nec soror Tonantis,
Nec qui floridulas Hymen puellas
Raptas e gremio tenace matrum
Involvit cupidis viri lacertis,
Rupis incola floriger canorae,
Advecta est serie rotante caeli.
O felix iuvenis, puella felix !

The Bridal Night

Sweet hour of pleasure and delight
When beauty is revealed to sight ;
Sweet hour of blandishment and jest,
Of love in whispers low confessed ;
Sweet hour of kisses that can give
Heaven to men while still they live.

No greater happiness than this
Can Venus grant ; no purer bliss
Cupid affords, who with his darts
Brings joy and sorrow to men's hearts ;
Nor queenly Juno that presides
Over the bed of new-made brides.

Hymen proclaims the nuptial hour
The chiefest treasure in the dower
Wherewith he tempts a maid from home ;
And on this night the hour has come.
In manly arms the bride is laid :
O happy youth, O happy maid !

EPITHALAMIUM

Felix sponse, cui cupita flamma
Iam nunc in geminis quiescet ulnis,
Puella aetheria beata forma,
Qualem magna Venus velitque Iuno
Et quae casside Martia refulget,
Sancto vertice procreata Pallas,
Si iunctae statuant adire valles
Umbrosas iterum virentis Idae,
Qua spectanda vel haec, vel haec, vel illa,
Quovis iudicio superba malum
Victrix aureolum reportet astris.
O felix iuvenis, puella felix !

THE BRIDAL NIGHT

O happy groom, upon whose breast
The virgin long desired will rest,
A maid in face and form divine
Who can in comeliness outshine
Juno, and Venus, queen of Love,
And Pallas, child of mighty Jove.

Should there another contest be,
As when of yore the heavenly three
Came down on earth to Ida's wood
And naked before Paris stood,
While he looked on with wondering eyes
And knew not which deserved the prize ;

If once again the fruit of gold
Were beauty's guerdon as of old,
Quickly the shepherd would decide
And give the apple to the bride
Who now upon the couch is laid.
O happy youth, O happy maid !

Felix sponsa, cui cupitus ardor
Adfusus modo lectulo in beato
Stringet colla tenacibus lacertis,
Insigni iuvenis venustus ore :
Istis qui roseis tuis labellis,
Istis qui niveis tuis papillis,
Isto qui rutilante crine tactus,
Isto lumine qui loquace victus,
Iampridem tacito voratur igne
Lentumque increpat usque et usque solem
Tardamque invocat usque et usque lunam.
O felix iuvenis, puella felix !

THE BRIDAL NIGHT

O happy bride, who now shall gain
The joys whereof her heart is fain,
And in this bed of happiness
Shall know a husband's soft caress,
Content within his arms to lie
Until to-morrow's dawn draws nigh.

Long has he burned with hidden fire,
Long has he craved in fond desire
Those breasts as white as driven snow,
Those lips where vermeil roses glow,
Those eyes that speak of love's delight,
Those locks than burnished gold more bright.

Oft would he bid the sun be gone
Ere half his journey he had done :
Oft would he chide the lagging moon
For her delay. Ah, not too soon
For him the bride in bed is laid.
O happy youth, O happy maid.

Votis, fervide sponse, parce votis,
Et suspiria mitte, mitte questus.
Tempus accelerat suäve ; mitis
Exaudit gemitus Venus suorum.
Condit Cynthius ora, condit ora,
Seque gurgite perluens Ibero
Cedit noctivagae locum sorori.
Et quo gratior haud relucet ignis
Coniunctis animis amore dulci
Producit caput emicatque caelo
Ductor Hesperus aureae catervae.
O felix iuvenis, puella felix !

No longer need you plead in vain,
O fervid lover, nor complain :
No longer for permission sigh ;
To-night the longed for hour draws nigh.
Venus this hour all things allows
And grants fulfilment of all vows.

Now in the waters of the west
Bright Phœbus hastens to his rest
Reposing from his daily race.
Now Cynthia in her brother's place
Roams through the darkness of the night
And sheds abroad her pallid light.

Now in the firmament above
Shines the dear star that lovers love,
The leader of the heavenly quire,
Young Hesperus, whose morning fire
Will see the pair together laid.
O happy youth, O happy maid !

Iam virgo thalamum subibit, unde
Ne virgo redeat, marite, cura.
Iam virgo niveis locata fulcris
Adventum cupiet tuum tremetque,
Perfusa ingenuo rubore malas.
Forsan et lacrimis genae madebunt
Et suspiria fundet et querelas.
At tu nil remoratus et querelas
Et suspiria lacrimasque tolles
Abstergens oculos tuo ore, dulce
Murmur pro querimoniis reponens.
O felix iuvenis, puella felix !

THE BRIDAL NIGHT

The virgin bride awaits her lord,
Yet fears to call him with a word.
She longs, yet trembles at his tread
Her modest cheeks suffused with red ;
For well she knows there soon will be
Naught left of her virginity.

Perchance, young husband, as you creep
In bed beside her, she will weep
And utter little plaintive sighs
When you attempt to seize your prize,
And murmur—" Let me, let me stay
Untaken still for one more day."

Then 'twill be yours to dry her tears
And with soft words dispel her fears ;
To banish grief with merry quip
And join in kisses lip to lip,
Till all her plaints aside are laid.
O happy youth, O happy maid !

Ergo, membra ubi virginis decorae
Felix candida lectulus fovebit,
Membra languidulo parata somno,
Et molli quoque te toro locatum
Supra purpureos beata reges,
Supra constituet Iovem Dione ;
Mox te blandidicis parare rixis,
Mox te molliculae parare pugnae
Motus occipies calore iusto,
Belli prospera signa non cruenti
Figens mille protervus hic et illic,
Collo basia multa, multa malis,
Labris basia plura, plura ocellis.
Repugnabit et improbum vocabit
Et dicet " Satis est " tremente voce
Arcebitque manu proterva labra
Propelletque manu manum protervam.
O noctem ter et amplius beatam !

Nor kings on earth nor Jove above
Can match the raptures of your love
When Venus brings the milk-white bride
And joins her yielding to your side
On the soft couch arrayed for sleep
Wherefrom your kisses shall her keep.

Now for the contest sharp your steel
And let her all your prowess feel.
Hot is the fight and warm the fray
Where you your manly part must play.
Out with your oriflamme and cry :—
" The hour has come to do or die."

Let kisses the first skirmish start.
Force their attack on every part
Of your fair field, on lips and eyes
And rosy cheeks until she sighs :—
" Enough, enough, dear husband mine."
O night of bliss, O night divine !

Pugnet strenua, pugnet illa : pasci
Pugnando teneri volunt amores.
Pugnando tibi duplicatus ardor
Vires sufficiet novas in arma.
Tunc per candida colla, tunc per illud
Quod certat ebori nitore pectus,
Nunc per crura tenella perque ventrem
Et quae proxima sunt et huic et illis,
Saltu volve agili manum salacem ;
Et tot milia iunge basiorum
Quot caelum rutilos tenebit ignes.
O noctem quater et quater beatam.

But heed her not, though she resist
And beat you back with tight-clenched fist.
It matters not how hard she strive,
Your love fresh vigour will derive
From her resistance, and at length
Rise in its place with double strength.

When once the battle has begun
Let your swift fingers lightly run
From ivory breast to snow-white neck,
And though she try your hand to check,
Touch now her thighs and now her waist
And now what is beneath it placed.

And till defeat she shall confess
Upon her lips fond kisses press,
A thousand, and a thousand more,
And then another hundred score,
Endless as stars in heaven that shine.
O night of bliss, O night divine!

Nec desint tibi blandulaeque voces
Et quaecunque iuvant perita verba,
Nec cum murmure sibili suäves,
Quales dant zephyro sonante blandum
Frondes, quale columba, quale cygnus
Annosus moriente spirat ore ;
Donec victa potentibus sagittis
Et caeco pueri volantis igne
Paulatim minus et minus severa
Ponet purpureum toro pudorem,
Collum in brachia nexuosa dedens,
Collo brachia nexuosa stringens.
O noctem quater, O quater beatam !

Let fond endearments whispered low
Assist you in your task below :
With words of comfort banish fear
And murmur counsel in her ear :
Such gentle sounds as Zephyrs make
When they the quivering aspens shake.

Softly as sighs the turtle dove,
Softly as sings the swan above
His river grave, so softly plead
With your fair prisoner, and lead
Her on love's path till Cupid's flame
Catches her too, and drives out shame.

Then will she cast her fears away,
And willing join you in your play ;
Now her white arms around you place,
Now come herself to your embrace,
And on your breast at ease recline.
O night of bliss, O night divine !

Tunc tunc oscula delicata sumes,
Nullis contemerata quae rapinis
Haerebunt vario morata nexu.
Tunc lusus similes paresque virgo
Reddet delicias, et os hiulcum
Iampridem patulo licenter ori
Committens animae libidinoso
Fragrantis cupidum beabit haustu.
Mox lusu quoque molliore ludens
Dicet blanditias suäviores,
Emittet digitos licentiores,
Finget nequitiam salaciorem.
O noctem nimis et nimis beatam !

Draw closer now, and lying still
Of wanton kisses drink your fill ;
Not snatched in haste but long delayed,
By lingering more delicious made.
And for each one that you shall take
Your bride must full repayment make.

Open your mouth and gently teach
Her tongue to enter by the breach
And fondle yours : she soon will learn
And give you lessons in her turn,
Mingling with yours her breath so sweet
As lips with lips in union meet

And now the virgin bolder grown
Will make the tempter's part her own,
And reckless in voluptuous play
Will let her fingers downwards stray
Beneath the sheets, and round you twine.
O night of bliss, O night divine !

Tunc arma expedienda, tunc ad arma
Et Venus vocat et vocat Cupido.
Tunc in volnera grata proruendum.
Huc illuc agilis feratur hasta,
Quam crebro furibunda verset ictu
Non Martis soror sed amica Martis
Semper laeta novo cruore Cypris.
Nec quies lateri laborioso
Detur mobilibus nec ulla coxis ;
Donec deficiente voce anhela,
Donec deficientibus medullis,
Membris languidulis madens uterque
Sudabit varii liquoris undas.
O nocem nimis, O nimis beatam !

The moment comes. Draw forth your blade
And strike while she is unafraid.
Strike hard, strike steady, and strike deep,
This couch was never meant for sleep :
For you it is a battle-field.
Strive on and make the fortress yield.

In such a fray when blood is shed
The Cyprian smiles upon the bed
Of the young bride. Press on, press on.
There still is work that must be done
With heaving hip and straining side
If Hymen shall be satisfied.

And so at last with failing breath,
Sunk in a transport nigh to death,
Their vigour spent, the happy twain
In spasms of voluptuous pain
Their vital essence will combine.
O night of bliss, O night divine !

Sudate, ut libet, et diesque longas
Noctesque exigite impotente lusu.
Et brevi date liberosque dulces
Et longo ordine blandulos nepotes ;
Quae vobis senii minuta turba
Olim sollicitos levabit annos,
Arcebit querulos toro dolores,
Languentum tremulos fovebit artus,
Componet tumulo pios parentes.
O felix iuvenis, puella felix !

Work on, and use your days and nights
In these laborious delights ;
Bring children forth to prop your race,
And children's children in their place,
Who, when to old age you have come,
Shall tend your years and guard your home.

That youthful throng will be a shield
'Gainst pain and sorrow, and will yield
Respect, obedience and love
To their dear parents, that shall prove
Your fame when you in earth are laid.
O happy youth, O happy maid.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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A.—TEXT

The Latin text in this volume is based upon a comparison of the following editions :—

(1) *Joannis Secundi Hagiensis Basia. Et alia quaedam. Lugduni apud Seb. Gryphian.* 1539.

This is the first edition of any considerable portion of Joannes' work, although some poems by him appeared in a volume published by his friend Joannes Dantiscus at Antwerp, 1530.

(2) *Joannis Secundi Hagiensis Opera : nunc primum in lucem edita. Traiecti Batavorum Hermannus Borculous excudebat.* 1541.

This edition, issued by Joannes' brothers Grudius and Marius, is the first that contains anything like the complete poems : but several pieces are omitted from it for personal reasons.

(3) *Joannis Secundi Hagiensis Poetae Elegantissimi Opera nunc secundum in lucem edita. Parisiis apud Andream Wechelum, sub Pegaso, in vico Bellovaco.* 1561.

This well printed edition, in which Joannes' poems come after those of Marullus, is based on that of 1541, and is chiefly valuable for the long Latin preface addressed by its editor, Gulielmus Cripius, to the poet's two brothers. Cripius was a fellow-countryman and friend of Joannes, and himself also something of a poet, as is shown by the epigram on the *Basia* in this volume.

(4) *Joannis Secundi Opera : accurate recognita ex museo P. Scriverii. Ludgduni Batavorum apud F. Hegerum.* 1631.

Before Scriver's first edition (1619) Joannes had appeared in two volumes of selections, *Poetae tres elegantissimi, Marullus, Angerianus, Secundus. Parisiis* 1582, and *Poemata et effigies trium fratrum Belgarum. Apud Elzevirium. L.B.* 1612. But these give nothing fresh, and Scriver's second edition, which supplies the poems hitherto omitted, together with Joannes' travel diaries and portraits of the

poet and his Julia, is much the fullest and most satisfactory of the early texts.

(5) *Bezae, Mureti, Secundi et Bonefoni Poemata. Lugduni Batavorum.* 1757.

Of the eighteenth-century editions of Joannes this seems to have been the most popular, and copies of it are to be found in most of the great libraries. It only contains, however, a selection from Joannes and has no independent value.

(6) *Joannis Nicolai Secundi Hagani opera omnia, emendatius et cum notis adhuc ineditis Petri Burmanni Secundi, denuo edita cura P. Bosscha. Lugduni Batavorum.* 1821.

In these two large volumes Peter Bosscha, using the material collected by the younger Burmann, treats Joannes as a classic with full apparatus of introduction, critical notes, and commentary. A monumental work.

(7) *Joannes Nicolai Secundus Basia. Herausgegeben von Georg Ellinger. Berlin*, 1899.

This is the latest and the best edition of the Latin text of the *Basia*. It contains also a very full account, with specimens, of imitations of Joannes.

B.—TRANSLATIONS

Translations of the *Basia* have been frequent in all languages ; of the other works they are comparatively rare. Among those most worthy of mention are the following :—

I.—English

(a) *Poems by Thomas Stanley, Esquire. London*, 1652.

In this volume, which includes translations of Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, etc., together with Stanley's original poems, versions of fourteen of the nineteen " Kisses " appear, the eighth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and fourteenth being omitted. Stanley at his best is very good ; but he is inclined to get rid of difficulties by the simple process of passing them over. For example, in his version of the

third "Kiss," the third line of the Latin is barely represented :—

"A Kiss I begg'd, and thou didst joyn
Thy lips to mine ;
Then as afraid snatch'd back their Treasure
And mock'd my pleasure.
Again, my dearest ! for in this
Thou only gav'st Desire, and not a Kiss."

(b) *Basia, or The Kisses of Johannes Secundus Nicholaus. In Latin and English Verse. With the life of Secundus and a critic upon his Basia. London. Henry Lintot, at the Cross-Keys.* 1731.

A good translation of the *Basia*, with Latin text ; mostly by George Ogle, but with some pieces by Ward and Fenton. The *Epithalamium* is added, in the following style :—

"The hour is come, with Pleasure crowned,
Borne in Eternal Order round.
Hour of indearing Looks and Smiles !
Hour of voluptuous sports and wiles ! "

(c) *Basia, or The Kisses of Johannes Secundus, second edition, with a new translation of the Epithalamium. J. Bew at Prternoster Row. London,* 1778.

In this edition of Ogle's translation the "Kisses" are reprinted, but a new version of the *Epithalamium* appears in six-line stanzas :—

"Hail genial hour
In myrtle bower
Of young-eyed Pleasure born,
Whom wanton wiles
And jests and smiles
And roseate spoils adorn."

(d) *The Bridal Night, translated from the original Latin of Joannes Secundus Nicolaius. Dedicated to His Royal Highness The Duke.* 1792.

This small book of twenty-five pages seems to have been printed in London, but it has neither name of author, publisher, nor place. It is an early example of pirating ;

for it is a reprint, without acknowledgment, of the translation in Ogle's second edition.

(e) *The Portal to the Cabinet of Love, consisting of the Basia of Johannes Secundus newly translated into English verse, with the Epithalamium. Published at the sentimental epicure's ordinary. Shakespeare gallery, near the theatre. New York*, 1807.

The name of the publisher, T. Longworth, is not on the title-page, but appears under the frontispiece of Venus rising from the sea. The translation of the Epithalamium is, again without acknowledgment, Ogle's.

No further translations of Joannes seem to have appeared in English during the nineteenth century: he plainly was not to the taste of the Victorian age.

II.—French

(a) *Les Baisers de Jean Second. Traduction par C—J. Dorat. Paris*, 1760.

A typical example of a style of translation popular in eighteenth-century France, where the original serves as an excuse for the translator's own embroideries. As a representation of Joannes, Dorat's book is useless, but the engravings by Eisen give it a certain interest. The third "Kiss" appears thus:—

"Donne moi, ma belle mâitresse,
Donne moi, disois je, un baiser.
Doux amoureux, plein de tendresse
Tu n'osas me le refuser.
Mais que mon bonheur fut rapide!
Ta bouche à peine, souviens-t-en,
Eut effleuré ma bouche avide,
Elle s'en détache à l'instant.
Ainsi s'exhale une étincelle.
Oui, plus que Tantale agité,
Je vois, comme une onde infidelle,
Fuir le bien qui m'est presenté.
Ton baiser m'échappe, cruelle;
Le désir seul m'en est resté."

(b) *Elegies de Tibulle, suivies des baisers de Jean Second ; traduction nouvelle adressée du Donjon de Vincennes par Mirabeau l'ainé, à Sophie Ruffey. A Paris chez Berry, rue S. Nicaise, l'an 3 de l'Ere Republicaine.* (1794).

A good, but not a very remarkable, prose translation of the " Kisses " by the great tribune. Mirabeau's criticism of Dorat in his preface is just, but it is amusing to find the author of " Laura " reproving Joannes for the warmth of his language.

(c) *Jean Second. Traduction libre en vers par M. Loraux. Paris*, 1812.

A competent verse translation by a French scholar of the " Odes," the first book of the " Elegies," and the " Kisses." The versions are pleasing but somewhat monotonous. Several metres are used, and of them the alexandrines are the most successful.

III.—German

(a) *Die Küsse des Joh. Secundus in drei Sprachen.* 1798.

This anonymous booklet, written by J. G. Scheffner, contains Mirabeau's French translation, the Latin text, and two German paraphrases.

(b) *Basia Johannis Secundi. Franz Passow. Leipzig*, 1807.

Latin text and German translation by the great scholar on whose Greek lexicon our " Liddell and Scott " is based.

IV.—Spanish

El poema de Los Besos escrito en verso castellano por el poeta Lues de Aviles (*Carlos Fernandez Shaw*). *Madrid*, 1914.

This, the latest version of the " Kisses," comes from the land where they were originally composed. A good and accurate translation ; the third Kiss is given thus :—

" Dame un beso de amor y de ternura
—clamaba yo—mujer encantadora !
Y al momento cediste, Y en mis labios
posaronse los tugos. Mas de pronto,
—asi como de espanto retrocede
quien víbora pisó—tu dulce boca
se apartó bruscamente de la mía.
Tal no es un beso, Laura ; tierno, amante ;
sino dejar el sentimiento amargo
de no guardar un beso poseído."

C.—IMITATIONS OF THE BASIA

The " Kisses " are poems so direct in their appeal to the most universal of all emotions that it is not surprising if, even in their Latin form, they offered an irresistible temptation to the plagiarist. Joannes died in 1536, and before the sixteenth century was over a whole crop of imitations had appeared. Muretus published his *Juvenilia* at Paris in 1553, and how closely he follows Joannes may be seen by one couplet :—

" Iam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, iam te
—Quid trepidas ?—teneo, iam, rosa, te teneo."

About the same time George Buchanan was writing his *Hendecasyllabics*, where he borrows from Joannes both style and lady's name :—

" Seu procacibus adnuas ocellis,
Seu minacibus abnuas ocellis,
Iuxta me miserum, Neaera, perdis."

A little later comes Lernutius with *Initia Basia Ocelli*, published at Leyden :—

" Cur nunquam satier tuos
Spectans, lux mea, ocellulos,
Istos, lux mea, ocellulos."

Another Dutchman who wrote *Basia* is the great Van der Does, better known as Janus Dousa, the Varro of Holland,

illustrious alike as soldier and scholar, founder and first Rector of the University of Leyden. Dousa was a fervent admirer of Joannes, and his volume—twenty short poems, of which the first two are addressed to Joannes in person—may be regarded not so much as an imitation but rather as a tribute to the memory of his dead countryman. We still have not mentioned Albert Eufren, *Basia*, Leyden 1601. and Caspar Barth, *Erotopægnion*, Frankfort, 1623, nor, best known of all, Jean Bonefons whose *Pancharis* appeared in Paris 1587. Bonefons had himself been a student at Bourges and was plainly well acquainted with Joannes, but he sedulously avoids any mention of him in his preface. The *Pancharis* has a certain charm and would have poetical value if it were not so obviously derivative ; but Bonefons, like most copyists, is inclined to overstress his effects :—

> " Tantillum illa negat mihi petenti,
> Tantillum illa negat mihi scienti ;
> Quae tantum huic tribuit nec id petenti,
> Quae tantum huic tribuit nec id scienti."

All these Latin versifiers, from Muretus to Barth, were directly inspired by Joannes. But his influence does not end here, for in every European country where poetry was being written during the seventeenth century Joannes was as well known as Tennyson is in England to-day. To give a complete list of the passages derived from him would require a book in itself and the following are but a few specimens.

The First Kiss

> " Ha ! doux baiser, fils aisné de la Rose
> Qui deroba de la playe d'Adon
> Le teint vermeil, et prit de Cupidon
> Le doux parfum dans sa léure declose."
>
> Remy Belleau (1565).

The Second Kiss

The comparison of lovers to vine tendrils clinging together occurs in Paul the Silentiary (A.P. V. 255), and was perhaps borrowed from him by Joannes, who adds the

ivy. After Joannes it becomes almost a commonplace of poetry, and examples in English and French are frequent. Philip Ayres (1687), for example, in his version of Tassoni's "Endymion and Diana," is very reminiscent :—

"Never more closely does the tender vine
About the shady elm her lover twine,
Nor the green ivy more affection bring
When she about her pine does kindly cling,
Than these two vigorous lovers there exprest,
Love having shot his fire through either's breast :
With all their art and industry they strove
How they might then enjoy their fill of Love."

Ronsard (1560) follows the whole poem closely and makes a piece as charming as the original :—

"Plus estroit que la Vigne à l'Ormeau se marie
De bras souplement-forts,
Du lien de tes mains, Maistresse, ie te prie,
Enlace-moy le corps.

Et feignant de dormir, d'une mignarde face
Sur mon front panche toy :
Inspire, en me baisant, ton haleine et ta grace
Et ton coeur dedans moy.

Puis appuyant ton sein sur la mien qui se pâme,
Pour mon mal appaiser,
Serre plus fort mon col, et me redonne l'ame
Par l'esprit d'un baiser.

Si tu me fais ce bien, par tes yeux ie te iure
Serment qui m'est si cher,
Que de tes bras aimez iamais autre avanture
Ne pourra m'arracher.

Mais souffrant doucement le ioug de ton Empire,
Tant soit-il rigoureux,
Dans les champs Elisez une mesme navire
Nous passera tous deux.

Là morts de trop aimer sous les branches Myrtines,
Nous voirrons tous les iours
Les anciens Heros auprès des Heroines
Ne parler que d'amours.

Tantost nous dancerons par les fleurs des riuages
Sous maints accords diuers,
Tantost lassez du bal irons sous les ombrages
Des Lauriers tousiours verds :

Où le mollet Zephyre en haletant secouë
De soupirs printaniers
Ores les Orangers, ores mignard se iouë
Entre les Citronniers.

Là du plaisant Auril la saison immortelle
Sans eschange se fuit :
La terre sans labeur de sa grasse mammelle
Toute chose y produit.

D'embas la troupe sainte autrefois amoureuse,
Nous honorant sur tous,
Viendra nous saluer, s'estimant bien-heureuse
De s'accointer de nous.

Puis nous faisant asseoir dessus l'herbe fleurie
De toutes au milieu,
Nulle en se retirant ne sera point marrie
De nous quitter son lieu.

Non celle qu'un Toreau sous une peau menteuse
Emporta par la mer :
Non celle qu'Apollon veit vierge despiteuse
En laurier se former :

Ny celles qui s'en vont toutes tristes ensemble,
Artemise et Didon :
Ny ceste belle Grecque à qui ta beauté semble
Comme tu fais de nom."

The Fourth Kiss

Philippe Desportes (1575) takes the first lines

"Ce ne sont point des baisers, ma mignonne,
Ce ne sont point des baisers que tu donne ;
Ce sont de doux appas
Faits de nectar, de sucre et de canelle,
Afin de rendre une amour mutuelle
Vivre apres le trepas."

Joachim du Bellay (1573) expands, but hardly improves upon Joannes.

"Quand ton col de couleur de rose
Se donne à mon ambrassement
Et ton oeil languist doulcement
D'une paupiere à demy close,
Mon ame se fond du desir,
Dont elle est ardentement pleine,
Et ne peult souffrir a grand' peine
La force d'un si grand plaisir.
Puis quand i'approche de la tienne
Ma léure, et qui si pres je suis,
Que la fleur recueillir ie puis
De ton haleine Ambrosienne :
Quand le souspir de ces odeurs,
Ou nos deux langues qui se iouënt,
Moitement folastrent et nouënt,
Euente mes doulces ardeurs,
Il me semble estre assis à table
Avec les Dieux, tant suis heureux,
Et boire à longs traicts sauoureux
Leur doulx breuuage delectable.
Si le bien qui au plus grand bien
Est plus prochain, prendre on me laisse,
Pourquoy ne permets-tu, Maistresse,
Qu'encores le plus grand soit mien ?
As-tu peur que la iouissance
D'un si grand heur me face Dieu,
Et que sans toy ie vole au lieu
D'eternelle resiouissance ?

Belle, n'aye peur de cela,
Par tout où sera ta demeure,
Mon ciel iusqu'à tant que ie meure,
Et mon paradis sera là."

The Fifth Kiss

"Quand ie vay recueillant dessus tes léures douces
Un baiser moite et glout,
Quant ta langue et la mienne à petites secousses
Frayent bout contre bout,
Ceste humeur devient glere, et se prend, st se caille,
Pour faire un petit corps,
Je le sens qui desia nuit et iour me travaille
De mille et mille morts."

BELLEAU.

The Sixth Kiss

Professor Kastner in his edition of Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649) refers the following poem to Catullus; but it is probably of Joannes rather than of Catullus that Drummond is thinking.

"Kisses desired.
Though I with strange desire
To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet touches in such store,
As he who long before
From Lesbia them in thousands did receive
Heart mine, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet bliss
Even swear to cease you to importune more:
Poor one no number is;
Another word of me ye shall not hear
After one kisse, but still one kiss, my dear."

The Seventh Kiss

The rivalry of eyes and lips is the theme of the sonnet by Giles Fletcher (1593):—

"When as I wish faire Licia for a kisse
From those sweet lippes, where Rose and Lillies strive,

Straight doe mine eies repine at such a blisse,
And seeke my lippes, thereof for to deprive:
When as I seeke, to glut mine eies, by sight,
My lippes repine, and call mine eies away:
Thus both contend, to have each other's right:
And both conspire, to worke my full decay.
O force admyr'd of beautie in her pride:
In whose each part such strange effects there be,
That all my forces in themselves devide:
And make my senses plainlie disagree.
If all were mine, this envie would be gone:
Then graunt me all (faire sweet) or grant me none."

The quaint comparison of the lover to a mollusc is combined with the vine-ivy simile by Sir Francis Kynaston (1642):—

"If thou a reason dost desire to know,
My dearest Cynthia, why I love thee so,
As when I do enjoy all thy love's store,
I am not yet content, but seek for more;
When we do kiss so often as the tale
Of kisses doth outvie the winter's hail;
When I do print them on more close and sweet
Than shells of scallops, cockles when they meet,
Yet am not satisfied: when I do close
Thee nearer to me than the ivy grows
Unto the oak: when those white arms of thine
Clip me more close than doth the elm the vine:
When naked both, thou seemest not to be
Contiguous, but continuous parts of me."

The difference between sight and touch forms also the theme of Kynaston's "To Cynthia":—

"Wert thou as kind as thou art fair,
All men might have a part,
And breathe thee freely as the air;
For, Cynthia, thou art
In the superlative degree
More beautous than the light,
And, as the sun, art made to be
An object for the sight.

But since thou hast some sweets unknown
Ordained for the touch,
Particular to me alone,
Then favour me thus much ;
When to my touch thou dost allow
Thy cheeks, thy lips, thy breast,
Thy noblest parts : then do not thou
Exclude me from the rest.

The Eighth Kiss

This piece seems to have been especially to the taste of the Italians. Here are two of many imitations :—

" Che ferità, che rabbia
Fù la tua, Lilla mia, quando mordesti
Con le tue le mie labbia ?
Forse cosi volesti
Al tuo servo disciolto,
Perch'a fuggir non habbia,
Segnar la bocca, ou' altri suole il volto ?
Bastar dovea, che questi
Caratteri stampasse, o rigid'angue,
Nel core il foco, e non nel labro il sangue."

MARINI (1607).

" Perche mordesti i miei
Labri cruda che sei,
Perche, ohime, gli pungesti,
Filli, mentre baciar quelli volesti ?

Forse non sono assai
Le saette, che mi hai
Fisso, lasso, entro il seno
Con la fiamma, e l'ardor col lor baleno ?

Ah non far dura piaga
A chi solo s'appaga
Di cantar le tue lode
E ne le tue dolcezze, ebra sol gode.

Questa bocca ferita
Cantò già di te ardita,
E disse alteramente
La tua bocca, il tuo crin, l'occhio lucente."

MURTOLA (1604).

The Ninth Kiss

"Tousiours ne me donne pas
Des baisers de moyte bouche,
Ny tousiours entre mes bras
Comme mourant ne te couche :
Souuent l'aise trop ioyeux
Rend le plaisir ennuyeux :
Le trop de miel a coutume
De tourner en amertume.
Lors que ie t'en demandray
Tout en un bloc trois fois quatre,
Quant plus ie m'y attendray,
Dix tu me dois en rabatre,
Et ne m'en bailler que deux
Qui ne soyent longs ne moyteux :
Tels que la fille à son pere
Ou la seur donne à son frere."

ANTOINE DE BAIF (1575).

Further quotations are perhaps superflous. Those who wish to read the German and Dutch imitators of Joannes may consult Ellinger. The specimens he gives make it obvious how great an advantage Joannes had in using Latin as his medium.

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